POEMS

ON SEVERAL

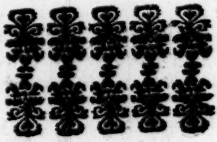
OCCASIONS

By the

Right Honourable,

THE

E. of R---



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ODE, &c.

ON SEVERAL

OCCASIONS

To the

Right Honourable

THE

E. of D——

An Epistolary Essay from M. G. *to* O. B. *upon their Mutual Poems.*

Dear Friend.

I Hear this *Town* does so abound
With sawcy *Censurers*, that faults are found
Which what of late we (in *Poetique* rage)
Bestowing, threw away on the dull Age;
But (howsoe're *Envy*, their spleens may raise,
To Rob my *Brows* of the deserved *Bays*)
Their thanks at least I merit, since through me;
They are partakers of your *Poetry*:
And this is all I'le say in my defence,
T' obtain one Line of your well-worded sense,
I'd be content t' have writ the *Brittish Prince*.
I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a *Rule* I have (upon long tryal)
T' avoid with care all sort of self denyal.
Which way so'ere desire, and fancy lead,
(Contemning *Fame*) that *Path* I boldly tread;
And if exposing what I take for wit,
To my dear self a pleasure I beget,
No matter tho the censuring *Criticks* fret.
These whom my *Muse* displeases, are at strife,
With equal spleen against my course of life,
The least delight of which, I'll not forgo,
For all the flatt'ring praise, *Man* can bestow.

If I design'd to please, the way were then,
To mend my Manners, rather than my *Pen*:
The first's unnatural, therefore unfit,
And for the second, I despair of it,
Since Grace is not so hard to get as Wit.
Perhaps ill *Verses*, ought to be confin'd
In meer good breeding like unsav'ry Wind:
Were reading forc'd, I shou'd be apt to think,
Men might no more write scurvily than stink:
But 'tis your choice, whether you'll read, or no,
If likewise of your smelling it were so.
I'd Fart just as I write for my own ease,
Nor shou'd you be concern'd unless you please.
I'll own, that you write better than I do,
But I have as much need to write as you.
What tho the Excrements of my dull *Brain*,
Flows in a harsh insipid strain;
Whilst your rich head, eases it self of Wit.
Must none but *Civil Cits* have leave to shit?
In all I write, shou'd Sense, and Wit, and Rhyme,
Fail me at once, yet something so sublime,
Shall stamp my *Poem*, that the *World* may see,
It cou'd have been produc'd by none but me;
And that's my end, for *Man* can wish no more,
Than so to write, as none e're writ before.
Yet why am I no *Poet* of the times?
I have *Allusions*, *Similies* and *Rhymes*,
And *Wit*, or else 'tis hard that I alone,
Of the whole Race of *Mankind* shou'd have none.
Unequally the partial hand of *Heav'n*,
Has all but this One only blessing giv'n.

The *World* appears like a great Family,
Whoſe *Lord* oppreſt with *Pride* and *Poverty*.
(That to a few great bounty he may ſhow)
Is fain to ſtarve the num'rous Train below.
Juſt ſo ſeems *Providence*, as poor, and vain,
Keeping more Creatures than it can maintain.
Here 'tis profuſe, and there it meanly ſaves,
And for One *Prince*, it makes Ten thouſand *Slaves*.

In Wit, alone 't has been Magnificent,
Of which ſo juſt a ſhare to each is ſent,
That the moſt Avaricious are content.
For none e're thought (the due diviſions ſuch)
His own too little, or his *Friends* too much.
Yet moſt *Men* ſhew, or find great want of Wit
Writing themſelves, or judging what is writ.
But I, who am of ſprightly vigour full,
Look on *Mankind*, as envious and dull.
Born to my ſelf, my ſelf I like alone,
And muſt conclude my judgment good, or none.
For cou'd my ſenſe be naught, how ſhou'd I know,
Whether another *Mans* were good or no?
Thus I reſolve of my own *Poetry*,
That 'tis the beſt, and there's a Fame for me.
If then I'm happy, what does it advance,
Whither to merit due, or Arrogance?
Oh! but the *World* will take offence hereby,
Why then the *World* ſhall ſuffer for't, not I.
Did e're this ſawcy *World*, and I agree
To let it have its beaſtly Will on me?
Why ſhou'd my proſtituted ſenſe be drawn,
To ev'ry Rule their muſty Cuſtomes ſpawn?

But *Men*, will cenſure you, 'tis Two to One,
When e're they cenſure, they'll be in the wrong.
There's not a thing on Earth, that I can name,
So fooliſh, and ſo falſe, as common Fame.
It calls the *Courtier Knave*, the plain *Man* rude,
Haughty the grave, and the delightful lew'd.
Impertinent the briſk, Moroſs the ſad,
Mean the familiar, the reſerv'd one mad.
Poor helpleſs *Woman*, is not favour'd more,
She's a ſly *Hypocrite*, or publick *Whore*.
Then who the Devil, wou'd give this---to be free
From th' innocent reproach of infamy.
Theſe things conſider'd, make me (in deſpight
Of idle Rumour) keep at home and write.

S A T Y R.

WEre I (who to my coſt already am
One of thoſe ſtrange prodigious Creatures *Man*.)
A Spirit free, to chooſe for my own ſhare,
What Caſe of Fleſh, and Blood, I pleas'd to weare,
I'd be a *Dog*, a *Monkey*, or a *Bear*.
Or any thing but that vain *Animal*,
Who is ſo proud of being rational.
The ſenſes are too groſs, and he'll contrive
A Sixth, to contradict the other Five;
And before certain inſtinct, will preferr
Reaſon, which Fifty times for one does err.

Reaſon,

Reason, an *Ignis fatuus*, in the *Mind*,
Which leaving light of *Nature*, ſenſe behind;
Pathleſs and dang'rous wandring ways it takes,
Through errors, Fenny-*Boggs*, and Thorny *Brakes*;
Whilſt the miſguided follower, climbs with pain,
Mountains of Whimſeys, heap'd in his own *Brain*:
Stumbling from thought to thought, falls head-long down,
Into doubts boundleſs Sea, where like to drown.
Books bear him up awhile, and makes him try,
To ſwim with Bladders of *Philoſophy*;
In hopes ſtill t'oretake th'eſcaping light,
The *Vapour* dances in his dazling ſight,
Till ſpent, it leaves him to eternal Night.
Then Old Age, and experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to death, and make him underſtand,
After a ſearch ſo painful, and ſo long,
That all his Life he has been in the wrong;
Hudled in dirt, the reas'ning *Engine* lyes,
Who was ſo proud, ſo witty, and ſo wiſe.
Pride drew him in, as *Cheats*, their *Bubbles* catch,
And makes him venture, to be made a *Wretch*.
His wiſdom did his happineſs deſtroy,
Aiming to know what *World* he ſhou'd enjoy;
And *Wit*, was his vain frivolous pretence,
Of pleaſing others, at his own expence.
For *Witts* are treated juſt like common *Whores*,
Firſt they're enjoy'd, and then kickt out of *Doores*:
The pleaſure paſt, a threatning doubt remains,
That frights th'enjoyer, with ſucceeding pains:
Women and *Men* of *Wit*, are dang'rous Tools,
And ever fatal to admiring *Fools*.

Pleasure allures, and when the *Fopps* escape,
'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate,
And therefore what they fear, at least they hate.
But now methinks some formal Band, and Beard,
Takes me to task, come on Sir I'm prepar'd.
Then by your favour, any thing that's writ
Against this gibeing jingling knack call'd Wit,
Likes me abundantly, but you take care,
Upon this point, not to be too severe.
Perhaps my Muse, *were fitter for this part,*
For I profess, I can be very smart
On Wit, *which I abhor with all my heart:*
I long to lash it in some sharp Essay,
But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,
And turns my Tide of Ink another way.
What rage ferments in your dengen'rate mind,
To make you rail at Reason, and Mankind?
Blest glorious Man! *to whom alone kind* Heav'n,
An everlasting Soul *has freely giv'n;*
Whom his great Maker *took such care to make,*
That from himself he did the Image *take;*
And this fair frame, in shining Reason *dress,*
To dignifie his Nature, *above* Beast.
Reason, *by whose aspiring influence,*
We take a flight beyond material sense.
Dive into Mysteries, then soaring pierce,
The flaming limits of the Universe.
Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there:
And give the World true grounds of hope and fear.
Hold mighty Man, I cry, all this we know,
From the Pathetique Pen of *Ingello*;

From

From *P----- Pilgrim*, *S----* replys,
And 'tis this very reason I despise.
This supernatural gift, that makes a *Myte*,
Think he is the Image of the Infinite:
Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
To the *Eternal*, and the ever blest.
This busie, puzling, stirrer up of doubt,
That frames deep *Mysteries*, then finds 'em out;
Filling with Frantick Crowds of thinking *Fools*,
Those Reverend *Bedlams*, *Colledges*, and *Schools*
Borne on whose Wings, each heavy *Sot* can pierce,
The limits of the boundless Universe.
So charming Oyntments, make an Old *Witch* flie,
And bear a Crippled Carcass through the Skie.
'Tis this exalted Pow'r, whose business lies,
In *Nonsense*, and impossibilities.
This made a Whimsical *Philosopher*,
Before the spacious *World*, his *Tub* prefer,
And we have modern *Cloyster'd Coxcombs*, who
Retire to think, cause they have naught to do.
But thoughts, are giv'n for Actions government,
Where Action ceases, thoughts impertinent:
Our *Sphere* of Action, is lifes happiness,
And he who thinks Beyond, thinks like an *Ass*.
Thus, whilst 'gainst false reas'ning I inveigh,
I own right *Reason*, which I wou'd obey:
That *Reason* that distinguishes by sense,
And gives us *Rules*, of good, and ill from thence:
That bounds desires, with a reforming Will,
To keep 'em more in vigour, not to kill.
Your *Reason* hinders, mine helps t'enjoy,
Renewing Appetites, yours wou'd destroy.

My

My Reaſon is my *Friend*, yours is a *Cheat*,
Hunger call's out, my Reaſon bids me eat;
Perverſly yours, your Appetite does mock,
This asks for Food, that anſwers what's a Clock?
This plain diſtinction Sir your doubt ſecures,
'Tis not true Reaſon I deſpiſe but yours.
Thus I think Reaſon righted, but for *Man*,
I'le nere recant defend him if you can.
For all his Pride, and his Philoſophy,
'Tis evident, *Beaſts* are in their degree,
As wiſe at leaſt, and better far than he.
Thoſe *Creatures*, are the wiſeſt who attain,
By ſureſt means, the ends at which they aim.
If therefore *Jowler*, finds, and Kills his *Hares*,
Better than *M*---, ſupplyes Committee Chairs;
Though one's a *States-man*, th'other but a *Hound*,
Jowler, in Juſtice, wou'd be wiſer found.
You ſee how far *Mans* wiſedom here extends,
Look next, if humane Nature makes amends;
Whoſe Principles, moſt gen'rous are, and juſt,
And to whoſe *Moralls*, you wou'd ſooner truſt.
Be judge your ſelf, I'le bring it to the teſt,
Which is the baſeſt *Creature Man*, or *Beaſt*?
Birds, feed on *Birds*, *Beaſts*, on each other prey,
But Savage *Man* alone, does *Man*, betray:
Preſt by neceſſity, they Kill for Food,
Man, undoes *Man*, to do himſelf no good.
With Teeth,& Claws, by Nature arm'd they hunt,
Natures allowance, to ſupply their want.
But *Man*, with ſmiles, embraces, Friendſhips, praiſe,
Unhumanely his Fellows life betrays;

With

With voluntary pains, works his diſtreſs,
Not through neceſſity, but wantonneſs.
For hunger, or for Love, they fight, or tear,
Whilſt wretched *Man*, is ſtill in Arms for fear;
For fear he armes, and is of Armes afraid,
By fear, to fear, ſucceſſively betray'd
Baſe fear, the ſource whence his beſt paſſion came,
His boaſted Honor, and his dear bought Fame.
That luſt of *Pow'r*, to which he's ſuch a *Slave*,
And for the which alone he dares be brave:
To which his various Projects are deſign'd,
Which makes him gen'rous, affable, and kind.
For which he takes ſuch pains to be thought wiſe,
And ſcrews his actions, in a forc'd diſguiſe:
Leading a tedious life in Miſery,
Under laborious, mean *Hypocriſie*.
Look to the bottom, of his vaſt deſign,
Wherein *Mans* Wiſdom, Pow'r, and Glory joyn;
The good he acts, the ill he does endure,
'Tis all for fear, to make himſelf ſecure.
Meerly for ſafety, after Fame we thirſt,
For all Men, wou'd be *Cowards* if they durſt.
And honeſty's againſt all common ſenſe,
Men muſt be *Knaves*, 'tis in their own defence.
Mankind's diſhoneſt, if you think it fair,
Amongſt known *Cheats*, to play upon the ſquare,
You'le be undone ----------
Nor can weak truth, your reputation ſave,
The *Knaves*, will all agree to call you *Knave*.
Wrong'd ſhall he live, inſulted o're, oppreſt,
Who dares be leſs a *Villain*, than the reſt.

Thus

Thus Sir you ſee what humane Nature craves,
Moſt Men are *Cowards*, all Men ſhou'd be *Knaves*:
The diff'rence lyes (as far as I can ſee)
Not in the thing it ſelf, but the degree;
And all the ſubject matter of debate,
Is only who's a *Knave*, of the firſt *Rate*?
All this with indignation have I hurl'd,
At the pretending part of the proud World,
Who ſwolne with ſelfiſh vanity, deviſe,
Falſe freedomes, holy Cheats, and formal Lyes
Over their fellow *Slaves* to tyrannize.
But if in *Court*, ſo juſt a Man there be,
(In *Court*, a juſt Man, yet unknown to me.)
Who does his needful flattery direct,
Not to oppreſs, and ruine, but protect;
Since flattery, which way ſo ever laid,
Is ſtill a Tax on that unhappy Trade.
If ſo upright a *States-Man*, you can find,
Whoſe paſſions bend to his unbyaſs'd Mind;
Who does his Arts, and *Pollicies* apply,
To raiſe his *Country*, not his *Family*;
Nor while his Pride, own'd Avarice withſtands,
Receives Aureal Bribes, from *Friends* corrupted hands.
Is there a *Church-Man* who on *God* relyes?
Whoſe Life, his Faith, and Doctrine Juſtifies?
Not one blown up, with vain Prelatique Pride,
Who for reproof of Sins, does *Man* deride:
Whoſe envious heart with his obſtrep'rous ſawcy Eloquence,
Dares chide at *Kings*, and raile at Men of ſenſe.

Who

Who from his Pulpit, vents more peeviſh Lyes,
More bitter railings, ſcandals, Calumnies,
Than at a Goſſipping, are thrown about,
When the good *Wives*, get drunk, and then fall out.
None of that ſenſual *Tribe*, whoſe Tallents lye,
In Avarice, *Pride*, *Sloth*, and *Gluttony*.
Who hunt good Livings, but abhor good Lives,
Whoſe Luſt exalted, to that height arrives,
They act Adultery with their own *Wives*.
And e're a ſcore of Years compleated be,
Can from the lofty *Pulpit* proudly ſee,
Half a large *Pariſh*, their own *Progeny*.
Nor doating *B*---- who wou'd be ador'd,
For domineering at the *Councel Board*;
A greater *Fop*, in buſineſs at Fourſcore,
Fonder of ſerious *Toyes*, affected more,
Than the gay glitt'ring *Fool*, at Twenty proves,
With all his noiſe, his tawdrey Cloths, and Loves.
But a meek humble Man, of modeſt ſenſe,
Who Preaching peace, does practice continence;
Whoſe pious life's a proof he does believe,
Miſterious truths, which no *Man* can conceive.
If upon *Earth* there dwell ſuch *God-like Men*,
I'le here recant my *Paradox* to them.
Adore thoſe *Shrines* of *Virtue*, *Homage* pay,
And with the *Rabble World*, their *Laws* obey.
If ſuch there are, yet grant me this at leaſt,
Man differs more from *Man*, than *Man* from *Beaſt*.

A Ramble in St. JAMES'S PARK.

MUch Wine had paſt with grave diſcourſe,
Of who Fucks who, and who does worſe;
Such as you uſually do hear,
From them that dyet at the *Bear*;
When I, who ſtill take care to ſee,
Drunkenneſs reliev'd by *Lechery*;
Went out into *St. James's Park*,
To cool my Head, and fire my heart:
But though *St. James* has the honor on't,
'Tis conſecrate to *Prick* and *Cunt*.
There by a moſt inceſtuous *Birth*;
Strange *Woods*, Spring from the teeming Earth
For they relate how heretofore,
When Antient *Pitt*, began to Whore.
Deluded of his Aſſignation,
(Jilting it ſeems was then in faſhion.)
Poor penſive *Lover*, in this place,
Would Frigg upon his *Mothers* Face:
Whence Rowes of *Mandrakes* tall did riſe,
Whoſe lewd Tops Fuck'd the very Skies.
Each imitative Branch does twine,
In ſome lov'd fold of *Aretine*.
And Nightly now beneath their ſhade,
Are *Buggeries*, *Rapes*, and *Inceſts* made.
Unto this All-ſin-ſheltring *Grove*,
Whores of the *Bulk*, and the *Alcove*.
Great *Ladies Chamber-Maids*, *Drudges*;
The *Rag-picker*, and *Heireſſe* trudges:

Carr-

Carr-men, *Divines*, great *Lords*, and *Taylors*,
Prentices, *Pimps*, *Poets* and *Gaolers*;
Foot-Men, fine *Fops*, do here arrive,
And here promiſcuouſly they [redacted] wrive
Along theſe hallow'd Walks it was,
That I beheld *Corinna* paſs;
Who ever had been by to ſee,
The proud diſdain ſhe caſt on me.
Through charming Eyes, he wou'd have ſwore,
She dropt from *Heav'n* that very hour;
Forſaking the Divine abode,
In ſcorn of ſome deſpairing *God*.
But mark what Creatures *Women* are,
So infinitely vile, and fair.
Three *Knights*, o'th' Elbow, and the ſlurr,
With wrigling Tails, made up to her.
The Firſt was of your *Whitehall Blades*
Near Kin to th' *Mother* of the *Maids*,
Grac'd by whoſe favour he was able,
To bring a *Friend* to th' *Waiters Table*.
Where he had heard Sir *Edward S---*
Say how the *K---* lov'd *Banſted Mutton*.
Since when he'd ne'er be brought to eat,
By's good will any other Meat.
In this, as well as all the reſt,
He ventures to do like the beſt.
But wanting common Sence, th' ingredient,
In chooſing well, not leaſt expedient.
Converts Abortive imitation,
To Univerſal affectation;
So he not only eats, and talks,
But feels, and ſmells, ſits down and walks.

Nay

Nay looks, and lives, and loves by Rote,
In an old tawdrey *Birth-Day-Coat*.
The Second was a *Grays Inn Wit*,
A great Inhabiter of the *Pit*;
Where *Critick-like*, he ſits and ſquints,
Steals Pocket-Handkerchiefs, and hints,
From's *Neighbor*, and the *Comedy*,
To Court, and Pay his *Landlady*.
The Third a *Ladies Eldeſt Son*,
Within few years of Twenty One;
Who hopes from his propitious Fate,
Againſt he comes to his Eſtate.
By theſe Two *Worthies* to be made
A moſt accompliſht tearing *Blade*.
One in a ſtrain 'twixt Tune and *Nonſenſe*,
Cries, *Madam, I have lov'd you long ſince,*
Permit me your fair hand to kiſs.
When at her *Mouth* her *C---* ſays yes.
In ſhort, without much more ado.
Joyful, and pleas'd, away ſhe flew;
And with theſe Three confounded *Aſſes*,
From *Park*, to *Hackney-Coach*, ſhe paſſes.
So a proud *Bitch* does lead about,
Of humble *Currs*, the Amorous rout;
Who moſt obſequiouſly do hunt,
The ſav'ry ſcent of Salt-ſwolne *Cunt*.
Some Pow'r more patient now relate;
The ſenſe of this ſurprizing Fate.
Gads! that a thing admir'd by me,
Shou'd taſte ſo much of Infamy.
Had ſhe pickt out to rub her Arſe on,
Some ſtuff-Prick'd *Clown*, or well hung *Parſon*.

Each

Each job of whoſe Spermatick Sluce,
Had fill'd her *Cunt* with wholſome Juice.
I the proceeding ſhou'd have prais'd,
In hope ſhe had quencht a Fire I rais'd:
Such nat'rall freedoms are but juſt,
There's ſomething gen'rous in meer Luſt.
But to turn damn'd abandon'd *Jade*,
When neither *Head* nor *Tail* perſwade;
To be a *Whore*, in underſtanding,
A Paſſive *Pot* for *Fools* to ſpend in.
The *Devil* plaid booty, ſure with thee,
To bring a blot of infamy.
But why was I of all *Mankind*,
To ſo ſevere a fate deſign'd?
Ungrateful! why this Treachery
To humble fond, believing me?
Who gave you priviledges above,
The nice allowances of Love?
Did ever I refuſe to bear,
The meaneſt part your Luſt cou'd ſpare?
When your lew'd *Cunt*, came ſpewing home,
Drencht with the Seed of half the *Town*.
My Dram of Sperme, was ſupt up after,
For the digeſtive Surfeit Water.
Full gorged at another time,
With a vaſt *Meal* of Naſty Slime;
Which your devouring *Cunt* had drawn
From *Porters Backs*, and *Foot-mens Brawn*.
I was content to ſerve you up,
My *Ballock* full, for your *Grace Cup*;
Nor ever thought it an abuſe,
While you had pleaſure for excuſe.

You that cou'd make my Heart away,
For Noise and Colours, and betray,
The Secrets of my tender hours,
To such *Knight Errant Paramours*;
When leaning on your Faithless Breast,
Wrapt in Security, and rest.
Soft kindness all my pow'rs did move,
And Reason lay dissolv'd in Love.
May stinking *Vapour* choak your *Womb*,
Such as the *Men* you doat upon;
May your deprav'd Appetite,
That cou'd in whiffling *Fools* delight,
Beget such *Frenzies* in your *Mind*,
You may go mad for the *North-Wind*.
And fixing all your hopes upon't,
To have him Bluster in your *Cunt*.
Turn up your longing Arse to th' Air,
And perish in a wild despair.
But *Cowards* shall forget to Rant,
School-Boys to Frigg, Old *Whores* to Paint:
The *Jesuits Fraternity*,
Shall leave the use of *Buggery*.
Crab-Louse, inspir'd with Grace Divine,
From Earthy *Cod*, to *Heav'n* shall climb;
Physicians, shall believe in *Jesus*,
And disobedience cease to please us.
E're I desist with all my Pow'r,
To plague this *Woman* and undo her.
But my revenge will best be tim'd,
When she is *Marry'd* that is lym'd;
In that most lamentable State,
I'll make her feel my scorn, and hate;

Pelt

Pelt her with Scandals, Truth, or Lies,
And her poor *Carr* with jealousies.
Till I have torn him from her *Breech*,
While she whines like a *Dog-drawn Bitch*.
Loath'd, and depriv'd, kickt out of *Town*,
Into some dirty hole alone,
To Chew the *Cud* of Misery,
And know she owes it all to me.
And may no Woman better thrive,
Who dares prophane the Cunt I Swive.

A Letter fancy'd from Artemisa *in the Town, to* Cloe *in the Country.*

Cloe, by your command in Verse I write,
Shortly you'l bid me ride astride and Fight;
Such Talents better with our *Sex* agree,
Than lofty flights of dang'rous *Poetry*.
Among the *Men*, I mean the *Men* of *Wit*,
(At least they past for such before they writ.)
How many bold advent'rers for the *Bays*,
Proudly designing large returns of Praise.
Who durst that stormy Pathless *World* explore,
Were soon dasht back, & wreckt on the dull shore,
Broke off that little stock they had before.
How wou'd a *Womans* tott'ring *Barque* be tost,
Where stoutest *Ships*, the *Men* of *Wit* are lost?
When I reflect on this I straight grow wise,
And my own self I gravely thus advise.

Dear *Artemisa*, *Poetry*'s a Snare,
Bedlam, has many *Mansions*; have a care.
Your *Muse* diverts you, makes the *Reader* sad,
You think your self inspir'd, he thinks you mad.
Thus like an Arrant *Woman* as I am,
No sooner well convinc'd writing's a shame,
That *Whore*, is scarce a more reproachful name
Than *Poetess* ----------
Like *Men* that Marry, or like *Maids* that woe,
Because it is the worst thing they can do.
Pleas'd with the contradiction, and the Sin,
Methinks I stand on Thornes till I begin.
You expect to hear at least, what love has past
In this lewd *Town*, since you, and I saw last
What change has happen'd of *Intrigues*, and whether,
The old ones last, and who, and who's together?
But how (my dearest *Cloe*) shou'd I set
My *Pen* to write, what I wou'd fain forget?
Or name the lost thing *Love*, without a Tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred Customes here?
Love, the most generous passion of the Mind,
The softest refuge innocence can find,
The safe directer of unguided *Youth*,
Fraught with kind wishes and secur'd by truth;
That Cordial drop, *Heav'n* in our *Cup* has thrown,
To make the naus'ous draught of life go down;
On which one only blessing, *God*, might raise,
In *Lands* of *Atheists*, *Subsidies* of praise;
For none did, e're so dull, and stupid prove,
But felt a *God*, and blest his pow'r in love:

This

This only joy, for which poor we were made,
Is grown like play, to be an Arrant *Trade*;
The *Rookes* creep in, and it has got of late,
As many little *Cheats*, and tricks as that:
But what yet more a *Womans* heart wou'd vex,
'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own *Sex*.
Oh silly *Sex*! though born like *Monarchs* free,
Turn *Gipsies*, for a meaner liberty,
And hate restraint, though but from infamy.
They call what ever is not common, nice,
And deaf to *Natures Rule*, or *Loves* advice,
Forsake the pleasure, to pursue the *Vice*.
To an exact perfection they have brought,
The action Love, the passion is forgot;
'Tis below *Wit*, they say, if we admire,
And ev'n without approving, they desire:
Their private wish, obeys the publique voice,
'Twixt good, and bad, whimsey decides, not choice;
Fashion's grown up to taste, at formes they strike,
They know what they wou'd have, not what they like.

Bovy's, a *Beauty*, if some few agree
To call him so, the rest to that degree, Sir
Affected are, that with their Eares they see. R.
Where I was visiting the other *Night*, B.
Comes a fine *Lady*, with her humble *Knight*;
Who had prevail'd with her, through her own skill,
At his request, though much against his will
To come to *London*----------
As the *Coach* stopt, I heard her voice more loud,
Than a great *Bellied Womans*, in a *Crowd*;

Telling

Telling the *Knight*, that her affairs require,
He for ſome hours, obſequiouſly retire.
I think ſhe was aſham'd he ſhou'd be ſeen,
Hard fate of *Husband*, the *Gallant* had been,
Though a diſeas'd, ill favor'd *Fool*, brought in
Diſpatch ſays ſhe, the bus'neſs you pretend,
Your Beaſtly viſit, to your drunken *Friend*;
A Bottle, ever makes you look ſo fine;
Methinks I long to ſmell you ſtink of *Wine*:
Your *Country* drinking Breath's enough to Kill,
Sowre Ale, corrected with a *Lemmon Pill*.
Prithee farewell, we'le meet again anon,
The neceſſary thing, bows, and is gone.
She flies up ſtairs, and all the haſt does ſhow,
That ſilly *Antick Poſtures* will allow.
And then burſts out---And Madam am not I,
The Strangeſt alter'd Creature! let me dye,
I find my ſelf ridiculouſly grown,
Embarraſt, with my being out of Town:
Rude, and untaught, like any Indian Queen,
My Country *nakedneſs, is ſtrangely ſeen.*
How is Love *govern'd,* Love *that rules the ſtate*
And pray who are the Men *moſt worn of late?*
When I was marry'd, Fools, *were All-a-mode,*
The Men *of* Wit, *were then held incommode,*
Slow of belief, and fickle in deſire,
Who e're they'le be perſwaded, muſt enquire,
As if they came to ſpye, not to admire.
With ſearching wiſdome, fatal to their eaſe,
They find out why, what may, and ſhow'd not pleaſe.
Nay take themſelves for injur'd, when we dare,
Make 'em think better of us than we are:

And

And if we hide our frailties from their ſights,
Call us deceitful Jilts, *and* Hypocrites;
They little gueſs (who at our Arts are griev'd)
The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd:
Inquiſitive, as jealous Cuckolds *grow.*
Rather than not be knowing, they will know,
What being known, creates their certain woe.
Women, ſhou'd theſe of all Mankind *avoid,*
For wonder by clear knowledge is deſtroy'd,
Woman, *who is an Arrant* Bird *of Night,*
Bold in the dusk, before a Fools *dull light,*
Muſt fly, when Reaſon *brings the blazing light.*
But the kind eaſie Fool, *apt to admire*
Himſelf, truſts us; his follyes all conſpire,
To flatter his, and favor our deſire:
Vain of his proper merit, he with eaſe,
Believes we love him beſt, who beſt can pleaſe:
On him our groſs, dull, common, flatteries, paſs,
Ever moſt happy, when moſt made an Aſs;
Heavy to apprehend, though all Mankind
Perceive us falſe, the Fop *himſelf, is blind,*
Who doating on himſelf ----------
Thinks ev'ry one that ſees him of his Mind.
Theſe are true Womens Men *here forc'd to ceaſe,*
Through want of breath, not will to hold her peace;
She to the Window runs, where ſhe had ſpi'd,
Her much eſteem'd dear *Friend*, the *Monkey* ey'd.
With Forty ſmiles, as many Antick bows,
As if't had been the *Lady* of the Houſe,
The dirty chatt'ring *Monſter*, ſhe embrac'd;
And made it this fine tender Speech at laſt.

Kiſs me! thou curious Miniature of Man:
How odd thou art! how pretty! how japan!
Oh I cou'd live and dye with thee! then on
For half an hour in Complements ſhe ran.
I took this time to think what *Nature* meant,
When this mixt thing into the *World* ſhe ſent,
So very wiſe, yet ſo impertinent.
One that knows ev'ry thing; that *God* thought fit,
Shou'd be an *Aſs*, through choice, not want of wit.
Whoſe *Foppery*, without the help of ſenſe,
Cou'd ne're have riſe to ſuch an excellence.
Nature's as lame in making a true *Fop*,
As a *Philoſopher*; the very top.
And dignity of folly, we attain,
By ſtudious ſearch, and labor of the *Brain*;
By obſervation, Councel, and deep thought,
God, never made a *Coxcomb*, worth a Groat;
We owe that Name to Induſtry, and Arts,
An eminent *Fool*, muſt be a *Man* of parts:
And ſuch a one was ſhe, who had turn'd o're,
As many *Books*, as *Men*, lov'd much, read more;
Had a diſcerning *Wit*, to her was known,
Ev'ry ones fault, or merit, but her own:
All the good *Qualities*, that ever bleſt,
A *Woman*, ſo diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Except diſcretion only, ſhe poſſeſt.

But now *Moncher*, dear *Pug*, ſays ſhe adieu,
And the diſcourſe broke off, does thus renew.

You ſmile to ſee me, whom the World *perchance*
Miſtakes to have ſome wit, ſo far advance.
The intereſt of Fools, *that I approve,*
Their merit more, than Mens *of wit, and love.*

But

But in our Sex; *too many proofs there are,*
Of such whom Wits *undoe, and* Fools *repair:*
This in my time, was so observ'd a Rule,
Hardly a Wench, *in* Town, *but had her* Fool;
The meanest common Slut, *who long was grown,*
The jeast, and scorn of ev'ry *Pit Buffoone;*
Had yet left charmes enough, to have subdu'd,
Some Fop, *or other, fond to be thought lewd.*
F——, *con'd make an* Irish Lord, *a* Nokes;
And B—— M——, *had her* Citty Cokes
A Womans *ne're so ruin'd, but she can,*
Be still reveng'd, on her undoer Man.
How lost soe're, she'le find some Lover, *more,*
A more abandon'd Fool, *than she a* Whore.
That wretched thing Corinna, *who has run* R.
Through all the several ways of being undone,
Couzen'd at first by love, and living then,
By turning thee too dear-bought-cheat on Men.
Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
When first the Town, *her early* Beauties *knew;*
Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Presents fed,
Youth in her Cheeks, *and pleasure in her* Bed.
Till Fate, *or her ill* Angel, *thought it fit,*
To make her doat upon a Man *of* Wit,
Who found 'twas dull to love above a Day,
Made his ill natur'd jeast, and went away:
Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress.
She's a *Memento Mori,* to the rest.
Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up Half a Crown,
Must Morgage *her Long* Scarfe, *&* Mantoe-Gown.
Poor Creature! *who unheard of as a* Fly,
In some dark hole, must all the Winter lye.

And

And want she must endure a whole half year,
That for one Month, *she Tawdry may appear:*
In Easter Terme, *she gets her a new* Gown,
When my young Masters Worship *comes to* Town;
From Pedagogue, *and* Mother, *just set free,*
The hopeful Heir, *of a great* Family;
Who with strong Beer, *and* Beef, *the* Country *rules,*
And ever since the Conquest, *have been* Fools.
And still with careful prospect, to maintain,
This Character, *least crossing of the* Strain,
Shou'd mend the Booby Breed, *his Friends provide,*
A Couzen *of his own to be his* Bride.
And thus set out ----------
With an Estate, *no* Wit, *and a young* Wife,
The solid comforts, of a Coxcomb's *life;*
Dunghil, *and* Peas, *forsook, he comes to* Town,
Turns Spark, *learns to be lewd, and is undone.*
Nothing suites worse with Vice, *than want of sense,*
Fools *are still wicked, at their own expence.*
This o're-grown School-Boy, *lost* Corinna, *wins,*
At the first dash, to make an Asse, *begins.*
Pretends to like a Man, *that has not known,*
The Vanities, nor Vices of the Town.
Fresh in his youth, and faithful in his love,
Eager of joys, which he does seldome prove,
Healthful, and strong, he does no pains endure,
But what the fair one, he adores, can cure:
Grateful for favours, does the Sex *esteem,*
And Libells *none, for being kind to him.*
Then of the lewdness of the Town *complains,*
Railes at the Witts, *and* Atheists, *and maintains.*

'Tis

'Tis better than good sense, than Pow'r, *or* Wealth,
To have a Blood, untainted, youth, and health.
The ill-bred Puppy, *who had never seen,*
A Creature *look so gay, or talk so fine;*
Believes, than falls in love, and then in debt,
Mortgages *all, ev'n to the* Antient Seat,
To buy this Mistriss, *a new* House, *for life;*
To give her Plate, *and* Jewels, *Robs his* Wife.
And when to the height of fondness he is grown,
'Tis time to poyson him, and all's her own.
Thus meeting in her common Arms his Fate,
He leaves her Bastard, Heir *to his Estate;*
And as the Race *of such an* Owl, *deserves*
His own dull lawful Progeny *he starves*
Nature, who never made a thing in vain,
But does each Insect, *to some end ordain.*
Wisely provides kind-keeping Fools, *no doubt*
To patch up Vices, Men *of* Wit, *wear out.*

Thus she ran on Two hours, some grains of sense,
Still mixt with *Volleys* of impertinence.
But now 'tis time I shou'd some pitty show,
To *Cloe*, since I cannot choose but know;
Readers, must reap the dullness, *Writers* sow.
By the next *Post*, I will such *Stories* tell,
As joyn'd to these, shall to a *Volume* swell;
Truer than *Heaven*, more infamous than *Hell*,
But you are tir'd, and so am I——

Farewel.

The

The Imperfect Enjoyment.

NAked she lay, claspt in my longing Arms,
I fill'd with Love, and she all over charms,
Both equally inspir'd with eager fire,
Melting through kindness, flaming in desire;
With *Arms*, *Legs*, *Lips*, close clinging to embrace,
She clips me to her *Breast*, and sucks me to her *Face*.
The nimble *Tongue* (*Love's* lesser Lightning) plaid
Within my *Mouth*, and to my thoughts convey'd.
Swift Orders, that I shou'd prepare to throw,
The *All-dissolving Thunderbolt* below.
My flutt'ring *Soul*, sprung with the pointed kiss,
Hangs hov'ring o're her *Balmy Limbs* of Bliss.
But whilst her busie hand, wou'd guide that part,
Which shou'd convey my *Soul* up to her *Heart*.
In liquid *Raptures*, I dissolve all o're,
Melt into Sperme, and spend at ev'ry Pore:
A touch from any part of her had don't,
Her Hand, her Foot, her very look's a *Cunt*.
Smiling, she chides in a kind murm'ring *Noise*,
And from her *Body* wipes the clammy joys;
When with a Thousand Kisses, wand'ring o're,
My panting *Breast*, and is there then no more?
She cries. All this to Love, and *Rapture's* due,
Must we not pay a debt to pleasure too?
But I the most forlorn, lost *Man* alive,
To shew my wisht Obedience vainly strive,
I sigh alas! and Kiss, but cannot Swive.

Eager

Eager desires, confound my first intent,
Succeeding shame, does more success prevent,
And *Rage*, at last, confirms me impotent.
Ev'n her fair Hand, which might bid heat return
To frozen *Age*, and make cold *Hermits* burn,
Apply'd to my dead *Cinder*, warms no more,
Than Fire to *Ashes*, cou'd past Flames restore.
Trembling, confus'd, despairing, limber, dry,
A wishing, weak, unmoving lump I ly.
This *Dart* of love, whose piercing point oft try'd,
With *Virgin blood*, *Ten thousand Maids* has dy'd.
Which *Nature* still directed with such *Art*,
That it through ev'ry *C---t*, reacht ev'ry *Heart*.
Stiffly resolv'd, twou'd carelesly invade,
Woman or *Boy*, nor ought its fury staid,
Where e're it pierc'd, a *Cunt* it found or made.
Now languid lies, in this unhappy hour,
Shrunk up, and Sapless, like a wither'd *Flow'r*.
Thou treacherous, base, deserter of my flame,
False to my passion, fatal to my *Fame*;
By what mistaken *Magick* dost thou prove,
So true to lewdness, so untrue to Love?
What *Oyster*, *Cinder*, *Beggar*, common *Whore*,
Didst thou e're fail in all thy Life before?
When *Vice*, *Disease* and *Scandal* lead the way,
With what officious haste dost thou obey?
Like a Rude roaring *Hector*, in the *Streets*,
That Scuffles, Cuffs, and Ruffles all he meets;
But if his *King*, or *Country*, claim his Aid,
The *Rascal Villain*, shrinks, and hides his head:
Ev'n so thy *Brutal Valor*, is displaid,
Breaks ev'ry *Sews*, does each small *Whore invade*,

But

But if great *Love*, the onset does command,
Base Recreant, to thy *Prince*, thou darst not stand.
Worst part of me, and henceforth hated most,
Through all the *Town*, the common *Fucking Post*;
On whom each *Whore*, relieves her tingling *Cunt*,
As *Hogs*, on *Goats*, do rub themselves and grunt.
May'st thou to rav'nous *Shankers*, be a *Prey*,
Or in consuming *Weepings* waste away.
May *Stranguries*, and *Stone*, thy *Days* attend,
May'st thou Piss, who didst refuse to spend,
When all my joys, did on false thee depend.
And may *Ten thousand* abler *Pricks* agree,
To do the wrong'd *Corinna*, right for thee.

To LOVE.

O! nunquam pro me satis indignate Cupido,

OH *Love!* how cold, and slow to take my part,
Thou idle *Wanderer*, about my *Heart*.
Why thy *Old* faithful *Souldier*, wilt thou see,
Oppress in thy own *Tents*? they murder me.
Thy Flames Consume, thy Arrows Pierce thy *Friends*,
Rather on *Foes*, pursue more noble ends.
Achilles Sword, wou'd gen'rously bestow,
A Cure, as certain, as it gave the blow.

Hunters,

Hunters, who follow flying Game, give o're,
When the *Prey's* caught, hope ſtill leads on before.
We thy own *Slaves* feel thy *Tyrannick* blows,
Whilſt thy tame Hands unmov'd againſt thy *Foes*.
On *Men* diſarm'd, how can you gallant prove,
And I was long ago diſarm'd by Love.
Millions of dull *Men*, live, and ſcornful *Maids*,
Wee'll own *Love* valiant, when he theſe invades.
Rome, from each *Corner* of the wide *World*, ſnatch'd
A *Lawrel*, or't had been to this day thatch'd.
But the Old *Souldier*, has his reſting place,
And the good batter'd *Horſe*, is turn'd to *Graſs*.
The harraſt *Whore*, who liv'd a *wretch* to pleaſe,
Has leave to be a *Bawd*, and take her eaſe.
For me then, who have freely ſpent my Blood,
(*Love*) in thy Service, and ſo boldly ſtood,
In *Celia's Trenches*; wer't not wiſely done,
E'en to retire, and live at peace at home?
No ---- might I gain a *God-head*, to diſclaim,
My glorious *Title*, to my endleſs flame:
Divinity, with ſcorn, I wou'd forſwear,
Such ſweet, dear, tempting *Devils*, *Women* are.
When e're thoſe flames grow faint, I quickly find,
A fierce black Storm, pour down upon my *Mind*.
Head long, I'm hurl'd, like *Horſe-men*, who in vain,
Their (fury foaming) *Courſers*, wou'd reſtrain,
As *Ships*, juſt when the *Harbour* they attain.
Are ſnatcht by ſudden *Blaſts*, to *Sea* again:
So *Loves* fantaſtick ſtorms, reduce my *Heart*,
Half-reſcu'd, and the *God* reſumes his *Dart*.
Strike here, this undefended *Boſome* wound,
And for ſo brave a *Conqueſt* be renown'd.

Shafts

Shafts fly so fast to me from ev'ry part,
You'le scarce discern your *Quiver*, from my *Heart*.
VVhat *Wretch* can bear a live-long Nights dull rest,
Or think himself in lazy slumbers blest?
Fool---is not sleep the Image of pale *Death*?
There's time for rest, when fate has stopt your breath.
Me, may my soft deluding dear deceive,
I'me happy in my hopes, whilst I believe.
Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide.
Often may I enjoy, of't be deny'd.
With doubtful steps, the *God* of *War* does move
By thy example, in *Ambiguous Love*.
Blown to and fro like *Down* from thy own *Wing*;
Who knows, when joy, or Anguish, thou wilt bring?
Yet at thy *Mothers*, and thy *Slaves* requeſt,
Fix an Eternal *Empire* in my *Breast*;
And let th' inconstant charming *Sex*,
Whose willful scorn, does *Lovers* vex;
Submit their *Hearts* before thy *Throne*,
The *Vassal World*, is then thy own.

The Maim'd Debauchee.

AS some brave *Admiral*, in former *War*,
Depriv'd of force, but prest with courage still;
Two *Rival-Fleets*, appearing from a far,
Crawles to the top of an adjacent *Hill*.

From

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he views
The wise, and daring Conduct of the fight,
And each bold Action, to his *Mind* renews,
His present glory, and his past delight.

From his fierce *Eyes*, flashes of rage he throws,
As from black *Clouds*, when *Lightning* breaks away;
Transported, thinks himself amidst his *Foes*,
And absent, yet enjoys the Bloody *Day*.

So when my *Days* of impotence approach,
And I'm by *Pox*, and *Wines* unlucky chance,
Drov'n from the pleasing *Billows* of debauch,
On the dull *Shore* of lazy temperance.

My pains at last some respite shall afford,
Whilst I behold the *Battails* you maintain,
When *Fleets* of *Glasses*, Sail about the *Board*,
From whose Broad-sides *Volleys* of *Wit* shall rain.

Nor shall the sight of *Honourable Scars*,
Which my too forward *Valour* did procure,
Frighten new Listed *Souldiers* from the *Warrs*,
Past joys have more than paid what I endure.

Shou'd hopeful *Youths* (worth being drunk) prove nice,
And from their fair Inviters meanly shrink,
'Twou'd please the *Ghost*, of my departed *Vice*,
If at my Councel, they repent and drink.

Or should some cold complexion'd Sot forbid,
With his dull *Morals*, our *Nights* brisk *Alarmes*,
I'll fire his Blood by telling what I did,
When I was strong, and able to bear Armes.

I'll tell of *Whores* Attacqu'd, their Lords at home,
Bawds Quarters beaten up, and *Forts* won,
Windows demolisht, *Watches* overcome,
And handsome ills, by my contrivance done.

Nor shall our *Love-fits Cloris* be forgot,
When each she well look'd *Link-Boy* strove t'enjoy
And she best Kiss, was the deciding *Lot*,
Whether the *Boy* us'd you, or I the *Boy*.

With Tales like these, I will such heat inspire,
As to important mischief shall incline.
I'll make them long some *Antient Church* to fire,
And fear no lewdness they're called to by *Wine*.

Thus *States-man-like*, I'll sawcily impose,
And safe from danger *Valiantly* advise,
Shelter'd in impotence, urge you to blows,
And being good for nothing else, be wise.

The

The Argument.

How Tall-Boy, Kill-Prick, Suck-Prick, *did contend,*
For Bridegroom Dildoe, Friend *did fight with* Friend;
But Man *of* God, *by* Lay-Man, *called* Parson,
Contriv'd by turns how each might rub her Arse *on.*

SAy *Heav'n-born Muse*, for only thou canst tell,
How discord dire, between Two *Widows* fell?
What made the *Fair one*, and her well-shap'd *Mother*,
Duty forget, and pious *Nature* smother?
Who was most modest, virtuous, or fair,
Was not the cause of contest I dare swear.
Nor wit, nor breeding, rais'd this emulation;
Those things with them are trifles out of fashion.
Great was the strife, rais'd up by envious *Fate*,
To ruine *Pegos*, happy Reign and State.
VVhen *R*---- with evil Eye beheld,
The Three dear *Friends*, his Heart with rancour swell'd.
That in one *House*, they were of one accord,
VVanton in *Bed*, and *Riotous* at *Board*,
Preferring *Brawney G*----, to Spiney *Lord*.
He Vow'd to break this *Tripple League* of Love,
And from their *Breasts*, sweet *Friendship* to remove.

In a foul day, from bawdy *Bath*, he flies,
To put in Act his hasted enterprise.
I th' *Bow'r* of Bliss, where sacred *Ballocks* dwells,
There lives a *Hagg*, deep red in Charms, and Spells;
Philters, and *Potions*, that by *Magick* skill,
Can give an *Eunuch* Stones, and *Cunt* its fill.
Babes, at her call fly from the breeding *Womb*,
With *Neighbor T-rd*, in loathsome *Jakes* to roame.
As oft as *Finger*, *Dildoe*, *Pego*, *Rape*,
The *Virgin Hymen*, she repaires the *Gap*:
Fam'd through the *World*, for the *C--t*-mending
Trade;
To her he goes to implore her mighty Aid;
By *Men*, she's call'd the *Mother*, of the *Maids*,
Hail worse Dame (*said he*) *repleat with grace*,
Mother, *oth'* Maids, Daughter *of noble* Race!
Whilst Men *of* God *to* Betty B--- go,
Whilst Prick, *and* Pen, *with* White, *and* Black
does flow,
My lasting Verse, *shall magnifie thy fame*,
And melting Tarse, *adore thy holy name*.
Therefore dear Mother, *lend thine equal Ear*,
To my complaint, and favor my just Prayer.
There is a place, a down a gloomy Vale, The Bath
Where burthen'd Nature, *lays her nasty* Tail;
Ten Thousand Pilgrims, *thither do resort*,
For ease, disease, for letchery, and sport:
Thither Two Beldames, *and a jilting* Wife,
Came to Swive off, the tedious hours of life:
I willing to contribute to their joy,
Offer'd my Myte, *to th' young unsatiate Toy*,
Who banish'd Cuck, *cause* Cunt *he con'd not cloy*.

Her

Her upright Dame, Kill-prick, *the wise old* Jew,
Told me I must Twelve times her Womb *bedew,*
E're her Child Suck-prick, *shou'd her Buttocks shew.*
Resolv'd to win like Hercules, *the Prize,*
Twelve times I scour'd the Kennel *'twixt her Thighs,*
The cheating Jilt, *at th' Twelfth, a* Dry-Bob, *cryes.*
My Prick *and* I, *thus cross-bit in high rage,*
Appeal'd to th' skilful sticklers on the Stage.
With that fair Tall-boy, *and bold* Suck-prick, *come,*
To squeeze my Tarse, *and pass their final doom:*
Saying if on Priapus, *I cou'd shew,*
One holy Relique, of kind Pearly Dew,
I th' Twelfth time, in Kill-pricks *Arse, did Spew.*
To their deriding Test, *I did submit,*
Priapus *squeez'd, a* Snow-Ball, *did emit;*
Yet these Two partial Dames, *a dry* Bob, *cry.*
Perform your Bargain (Peer) *or frigg, and dye.*
Thus was I Rook'd of Twelve substantial Fucks,
By these base stinking, over itching Nocks.
Your aid, your aid, dear Mother, *me inspire,*
With apt revenge to feed my raging fire.

The gracious *Matron*, smiling on him said.
Be it as thou desir'st my dear lov'd Lad;
For this abuse, the Rump-fed-Runts *shall mourn,*
Till slimey Cunt, to grimey A-se hole turn.

By her *Caves Mouth*, a verdant *Mirtle* grows;
Bearing *Loves Trophies*, on his sacred Boughs.
The *Crowns* of *Kings*, were offer'd to this Shrine,
Dildoes and *Merkins*, of the *Royal Line*,
Fair *Ladies* hearts, with *Mitred Pricks* transfixt,
In Mystick manner, make the *Crucifix*.

To th' Tree she leads him, from a *Bough* pulls down,
A mighty Tool, a *Dildoe* of renown;
A *Dildoe*, long, and large, as *Hectors Launce*,
Inscrib'd, *Honi Soit Qui Mal y' Pence.*
Knight of the *Garter*, made for's vast deserts,
As *Modern Heroe*, was for's monstrous parts.
This pious *Son* (said she) nail up in *Box*,
By *Carryer*, send it these salt burning *Nocks*.
Directed thus. To the Lady *most deserving*
Who's made most Slaves, *and kept most* Pricks *from* Starving.
O're-joy'd with hop'd success away he flyes,
To *Bath*, disguis'd, to bear the welcome *Prize*;
But when they saw the Image of Blest *Man*!
Who can express how fast, how swift they ran!
Each for her self to seize it; no *Dog*, at *Deer*,
Nor *Hawk*, at *Herne*, shew'd such a swift carriere.
At once they souse, on the beloved *Prey*,
And sworn *Friends* do engage in *Mortal Fray*.
Old *Kill prick*, dreadful to her *Friends*, and *Foes*,
Like *Luxenburgh*, in Back, and Breast-plate shows.
Gigantick Tall-boy, famed in the *West*,
For *Cornish-Hugg*, to th' fight her self addrest;
Whilst the *Child Suck-prick*, hop'd to steal away,
By Stratagem, the glory of the Day.
But all in vain, *Tall-boy*, with one hand held,
Joves Frize, with th' other crafty *Suck-prick* fell'd:
But looks, nor *Menaces*, nor crashing blow,
Cou'd make stout *Kill-prick*, quit her lov'd *Dildoe*:
Undaunted, she maintain'd a cruel fight;
For *Conquest* scratcht, and tore, withal her might.

So

So have I seen a crump-back *Crab-louse* stick,
With servent love, to lick creating *Prick*;
The more he pulls, the more the loving *Wretch*,
Does strive to stay, and at each *Hair* does catch.
Till murdring *Man*, enrag'd from *Ballock* tears,
The *Nock-horn-Bratt*, and ends his hopeful years.
So had it far'd with *Kill-prick*, had not *Fate*,
Sent *Man* of *God*, to end the dire debate.
What rage, what fury (*said he*) *do ye stir*
To shed the blood of Saints, *in civil* War?
How will you make the Mother Church, *to mourn*,
And to Fanaticks *be the publick scorn*?
For shame, dear Souls, reserve your noble blood,
To spend with Man. Abasht the *Warriers* stood
To see the holy *Father*, in the place,
But strait on the matter putting a good face;
Thus *Kill-Prick* spake.
To you O Reverend Sir
The justness of this Cause *I will transfer*,
A Cause too great for Lay-men, *vile to try*,
Fit for Plus Ultras, *deep Divinity*.
A Cause, *for which blest* Saints, *above wou'd dye*!
The modest *Tall-boy*, so devout appears,
Though stealing *Pricks*, you'd think she said her Pray'rs;
And though sh' had almost won the bloody *Field*,
With *Suck-prick* (*Babe* of *Grace*) to this does yeild.
The case, being stated, holy *Man* does pray,
For a blessing on's endeavors, then does say
Whereas sage Matrons, *you do all agree*,
Your case to yeild to my integrity,
Fitter for general Councel than weak me,

Dildoe's a lawful Tool, deny't who can;
I'll prove 'tis made for a meet help for Man;
As unto Rector, Curate, *is Assistant,*
So Dildoe's *to faln* Prick, *when* Cunt *has piss on't.*
But here's th' Elect, *ordain'd for* Propagation,
Who trusts in this is blest in Generation;
This has done more, than Tunbridge, Bath, *or*
Though ne're so barren this is sure to help 'em. (Epsom,

Then pulling out the *Rector*, of the *Females*,
Nine times he bath'd him, in their piping hot Tails.
Panting (quoth he) now peace be on ye all,
When I am absent then on Dildoe *call*;
As those in holy Church, *to* Image *pray*,
When wonder-working Saint, *is out o'th' way.*

Thus all well pleas'd to *Church* away they go,
To sing *Te Deum*, for their dear *Dildoe.*

An Allusion to Horace.

The 10th Satyr of the 1st. Book.

Nempe incomposito Dixi pede &c.

WEll Sir, 'tis granted, I said D——e Rhimes,
Were stoln, unequal, nay dull many times:
What foolish *Patron*, is there found of his,
So blindly partial, to deny me this?

But

But that his *Plays*, embroider'd up, and down,
With *Wit*, and *Learning*, juſtly pleas'd the *Town*,
In the ſame *Paper*, I as freely own.
Yet having this allow'd, the heavy *Maſs*,
That Stuffs up his looſe *Volumns*, muſt not paſs:
For by that *Rule*, I might aſwel admit,
Crowns, tedious *Scenes*, for *Poetry*, and *Wit*.
'Tis therefore not enough, when your falſe ſenſe,
Hits the falſe Judgment, of an *Audience*:
Of clapping *Fools*, aſſembled a vaſt Crowd,
Till the throng'd *Play-houſe*, crack with the dull load;
Though ev'n that *Talent*, merits in ſome ſort,
That can divert the *Rabble*, and the *Court*.
Which blundring *S*----, never cou'd attain,
And puzling *O*----, labors at in vain.
But within due proportions circumſcribe
What e're you write; that with a flowing Tide,
The *Style* may riſe, yet in its riſe forbear,
With uſeleſs words, t' oppreſs the weary'd Ear.
Here be your Language lofty, there more light,
Your *Rethorick*, with your *Poetry* unite:
For *Elegance* ſake, ſometimes allay the force
Of *Epithets*, 'twill ſoften the diſcourſe;
A jeaſt in ſcorn, points out, and hits the thing,
More home, than the *Moros Satyrs* ſting.
Shake-ſpear, and *Johnſon*, did herein excell,
And might in this be imitated well;
Whom refin'd *E*----, coppy's not at all,
But is himſelf, a theer *Original*.
Nor that ſlow *Drudge*, in ſwift *Pindarick* ſtraines,
F----, who *C*---- imitates with pains,
And rides a jaded *Muſe*, whipt with looſe Rains.

When

When *Lee*, makes temp'rate *Scipio*, fret, and rave
And *Hannibal*, a whining amorous *Slave*;
I laugh, and wish the hot-brain'd *Fustian Fool*,
In *B——* hands, to be well dasht at *School*.
Of all our *Modern Wits*, none seems to me,
Once to have touch't, upon true *Comedy*,
But hasty *Shadwel*, and slow *Wicherley*:
Shadwells unfinish'd works do yet impart,
Great proofs of force of *Nature*, none of Art:
With just bold strokes he dashes here, and there,
Shewing great *Mastery*, with little Care;
And scorns to varnish his good Touches o're,
To make the *Fools*, and *Women*, praise 'em more.
But *Wicherley*, earnes hard, what e're he gains,
He wants no judgment, nor he spares no pains;
He frequently excells, and at the least,
Makes fewer faults, than any of the best.
Waller, by Nature, for the *Bays* design'd,
With force, and fire, and fancy unconfin'd,
In *Panegyricks*, does excell *Mankind*.
He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,
To praise great *Conquerors*, or to flatter *Kings*.
For pointed *Satyrs*, I wou'd *Buckhurst* choose,
The best good *Man*, with the worst natur'd *Muse*.
For *Songs*, and *Verses*, mannerly, obscene,
That can stir *Nature* up, by spring unseen,
And without forcing blushes warm the *Queen*.
Sidley, has that prevailing, gentle Art,
That can with a resistless Charm impart,
The loosest wishes, to the chastest heart,
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a *Fire*,
Betwixt declining *Virtue*, and *Desire*;

Till

Till the poor vanquish'd *Maid* dissolves away,
In *Dreams* all *Night*, in *Sighs*, and *Tears*, all day.
D-----, in vain try'd this nice way of wit,
For he to be a tearing *Blade*, thought fit,
But when he wou'd be sharp; he still was blunt,
To frisk his frollique fancy, he'd cry *C--t*.
Wou'd give the *Ladies*, a dry *Bawdy* bob,
And thus he got the name of *Poet Squab*.
But to be just, 'twill to his praise be found,
His *Excellencies* more than faults abound
Nor dare I from his sacred Temples tear,
That *Lawrel*, which he best deserves to wear.
But does not *D*----, find ev'n *Johnson* dull?
Fletcher and *Beaumont*, uncorrect, and full,
O lewd *Lines*, as he calls 'em? *Shake-spears* stile
Stiff and affected; to his own the while,
Allowing all the justness that his Pride,
So Arrogantly had to these deny'd?
And may not I, have leave impartially,
To search, and censure *D*-----, *Works*, and try,
If those gross faults, his choice *Pen* does commit,
Proceed from want of Judgment, or of Wit?
Or if his lumpish fancy, does refuse,
Spirit and Grace, to his loose flattern *Muse*?
Five Hundred Verses, ev'ry *Morning* writ,
Proves you no more a *Poet*, than a *Wit*:
Such scribling *Authors*, have been seen before
Mustapha, the *English Princess*, Forty more,
Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour.
To write what may securely stand the *Test*,
Of being well read over *Thrice* at least;

Compare

Compare each *Phraſe*, examine ev'ry *Line*,
Weigh ev'ry *Word*, and ev'ry *Thought* refine;
Scorn all applauſe, the vile *Rout* can beſtow,
And be content to pleaſe thoſe few who know.
Canſt thou be ſuch a vain miſtaken Thing,
To wiſh thy *Works* might make a *Play-houſe* ring,
With the unthinking Laughter, and poor praiſe,
Of *Fops*, and *Ladies*, factious for thy *Plays*?
Then ſend a cunning *Friend* to learn thy doom,
From the ſhrewd Judges of the *Drawing Room*.
I've no *Ambition* on that idle ſcore,
But ſay with *Betty M*-----, heretofore,
When a *Court Lady*, call'd her *B*----, *Whore*;
I pleaſe one *Man* of *Wit*, am proud on't too,
Let all the *Coxcombs*, dance to *Bed* to you.
Shou'd I be troubled when the Pur-blind *Knight*,
Who ſquints more in his Judgment, than his ſight,
Picks ſilly faults, and cenſures what I write?
Or when the poor-fed *Poets* of the *Town*
For Scraps, and Coach-room cry my Verſes down?
I loath the *Rabble*, 'tis enough for me,
If *S*----, *S*----, *S*----, *W*----,
G----, *B*----, *B*----, *B*----,
And ſome few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my ſenſe, I count their cenſure *Fame*.

In defence of Satyr.

WHen *Shakesp. Johnſ. Fletcher*, rul'd the Stage,
They took ſo bold a freedom with the Age,
That there was ſcarce a *Knave*, or *Fool*, in *Town*,
Of any note, but had his *Picture* ſhown:
And (without doubt) though ſome it may offend,
Nothing helps more than *Satyr*, to amend
Ill Manners, or is trulier *Virtues Friend*.
Princes, may *Laws* ordain, *Prieſts* gravely Preach,
But *Poets*, moſt ſucceſsfully will teach.
For as a paſſing *Bell*, frights from his *Meat*,
The greedy *Sick man*, that too much wou'd Eat;
So when a *Vice*, ridiculous is made,
Our *Neighbors* ſhame, keeps us from growing Bad.
But wholſome Remedies, few *Palates* pleaſe,
Men rather love, what flatters their Diſeaſe;
Pimps, *Paraſites*, *Buffoones*, and all the *Crew*,
That under *Friendſhips* name, weak Man undoe,
Find their falſe Service, kindlier underſtood,
Than ſuch as tell bold *Truths* to do us good.
Look where you will, and you ſhall hardly find,
A *Man*, without ſome Sickneſs of the *Mind*.
In vain we Wiſe wou'd ſeem, while ev'ry *Luſt*,
Whisks us about, as *Whirlwinds* do the *Duſt*.
Here for ſome needleſs Gain, *Wretch* is hurl'd,
From *Pole*, to *Pole*, and *Slav'd* about the *World*;
While

While the reward of all his Pains, and Care,
Ends in that despicable Thing, his *Heir*.
There a vain *Fop*, *Mortgages* all his *Land*,
To buy that gawdy *Play-thing*, a *Command*,
To ride a *Cock-Horse*, wear a Scarfe, at's Arse,
And play the *Pudding*, in a *May-day Farce*.
Here one whom *God* to make a *Fool*, thought fit,
In spight of *Providence*, will be a *Wit*:
But wanting Strength, t'uphold his ill made choice,
Sets up with Lewdness, Blasphemy, and Noise.
There at his *Mrs.* Feet, a *Lover* lyes
And for a tawdrey, painted *Baby* dyes.
Falls on his Knees, adores, and is afraid,
Of the vain *Idol*, he himself has made.
These, and a Thousand *Fools* unmention'd here,
Hate *Poets* all, because they *Poets* fear.
Take heed (they cry) yonder *Mad Dog* will bite,
He cares not whom he falls on in his fit;
Come but in's way, and strait a new *Lampoone*
Shall spread your mangled *Fame* about the *Town*.
But why am I this *Bug-bear* to ye all?
My *Pen* is dipt in no such bitter Gall.
He that can rail at one he calls his *Friend*,
Or hear him absent wrong'd, and not defend;
Who for the sake of some ill natur'd Jeast,
Tells what he shou'd conceal, Invents the rest;
To fatal *Mid-night* quarrels, can betray,
His brave *Companion*, and then run away;
Leaving him to be murder'd in the *Street*,
Then put it off, with some *Buffoone* Conceit;
This, this is he, you shou'd beware of all,
Yet him a pleasant, witty *Man*, you call

To

To whet your dull Debauches up, and down,
You seek him as top *Fidler* of the *Town*.
But if I laugh when the *Court Coxcombs* show,
To See that *Beaby Sotus* dance *Prowse*.
Or chatt'ring *Parus*, from the Side *Box* grin,
Trickt like a *Ladys Monkey* new made clean.
To me the name of *Railer*, strait you give,
Call me a *Man*, that knows not how to live.
But *Wenches* to their *Keepers*, true shall turn,
Stale *Maids* of Honour, proffer'd *Husbands* scorn,
Great *States-Men*, flatt'ry, and Clinches hate,
And long in Office dye without *Estate*.
Againſt a *Bribe*, *Court Judges*, shall decide,
The *City Knavery* want, the *Clergy Pride*.
E're that black *Malice*, in my Rhymes you find,
That wrongs a Worthy *Man*, or hurts a *Friend*.
But then perhaps you'll say, why do you write?
What you think harmleſs *Mirth*, the *World* thinks
Slight.
Why shou'd your *Fingers* itch to have a laſh,
At *Simius*, the *Buffoon*, or *Cully Baſh*?
What is't to you, if *Alidares* fine *Whore*,
Fucks with some *Fop*, whilst he's shut out of *Doors*?
Conſider pray, that dangrous *Weapon Wit*,
Frightens a *Million*, when a few you hit.
Whip but a *Curr*, as you ride through a *Town*,
And strait his *Fellow Currs* the Quarrel own.
Each *Knave*, or *Fool*, that's conſcious of a Crime,
Tho he ſcapes now, looks for't another time.
Sir, I confeſs all you have ſaid is true,
But who has not some *Folly* to purſue?

Milo

Milo turn'd *Quixot*, fancy'd *Battails*, *Fights*,
When the *Fifth Bottle*, had encreas'd the *Lights*.
War-like Dirt Pyes, out *Heroe Paris* forms,
Which desprate *Bessus*, without *Armour* storms.
Cornus, the kindest *Husband*, ere was born,
Still Courts the *Spark*, that does his *Brows* adorn.
Invites him home to dine, and fills his *Veins*,
With the hot Blood, which his dear *Doxy* drains.
Grandio thinks himself a *Beau-Garcon*,
Goggles his *Eyes*, writes *Letters* up and down;
And with his sawcy *Love*, plagues all the *Town*.
While pleas'd to have his Vanity thus fed,
He's caught with *G*----, that Old *Hag* a Bed.
But shou'd I all the crying *Follies* tell,
That rouse the sleeping *Satyr* from his *Cell*.
I to my *Reader*, shou'd as tedious prove,
As that Old *Spark*, *Albanus* making love:
Or florid *Roscius*, when with some smooth flam,
He gravely on the publick, tries to sham.
Hold then my *Muse*, 'tis time to make an end,
Least taxing others, thou thy self offend.
The *World's* a *Wood*, in which all loose their way,
Though by a different *Path*, each goes *Astray*.

On

On the ſuppos'd Authour of a late Poem *in defence of* Satyr.

TO rack, and torture thy unmeaning *Brain*,
In *Satyrs* praiſe, to a low untun'd ſtrain,
In thee was moſt impertinent and vain.
When in thy *Perſon*, we more clearly ſee,
That *Satyr's* of Divine Authority,
For *God*, made one on *Man*, when he made thee.
To ſhew there were ſome *Men*, as there are *Apes*.
Fram'd for meer ſport, who differ but in ſhapes:
In thee are all theſe contradictions joyn'd,
That make an *Aſſe*, prodigious and refin'd.
A lump deform'd, and ſhapeleſs wert thou born,
Begot in *Loves* deſpight, and *Natures* ſcorn;
And art grown up, the moſt ungraceful *Wight*,
Harſh to the *Ear*, and hideous to the ſight,
Yet *Love's* thy buſ'neſs, *Beauty* thy delight.
Curſe on that ſilly hour, that firſt inſpir'd,
Thy madneſs, to pretend to be admir'd;
To paint thy grizly *Face*, to dance, to dreſs,
And all thoſe Awkward *Follies* that expreſs,
Thy loathſome Love, and filthy daintineſs.
Who needs will be an Ugly *Beau-Garcon*,
Spit at, and ſhun'd, by ev'ry *Girl* in *Town*;
Where dreadfully *Loves Scare-Crow*, thou art plac'd
To fright the tender *Flock*, that long to taſte:
While ev'ry coming *Maid*, when you appear,
Starts back for ſhame, and ſtrait turns chaſte for fear.

For none so poor, or *Proſtitute* have prov'd,
Where you made love, t'endure to be belov'd.
'Twere labour loſt, or elſe I wou'd adviſe.
But thy half *Wit*, will ne're let thee be wiſe.
Half-witty, and half-mad, and ſcarce half-brave,
Half-honeſt (which is very much a *Knave.*)
Made up of all theſe Halfs, thou can'ſt not paſs,
For any thing intirely, but an *Aſſe.*

The Anſwer.

RAiſe on poore feeble *Scribler*, ſpeak of me,
In as bad Terms, as the *World* ſpeaks of thee.
Sit ſwelling in thy Hole, like a vext *Toad*,
And full of *Poyſon*, and *Malice*, ſpit abroad.
Thou can'ſt hurt no *Mans Fame*, with thy ill word,
Thy Pen, is full as harmleſs as thy Sword.

Seneca's Troas, *Act.* 2. Chorus.

AFter Death, nothing is, and Nothing, Death,
The utmoſt Limits of a Gaſp of Breath:
Let the ambitious Zealot, lay aſide,
His hopes of *Heav'n* (where Faith is but his Pride)
Let *Slaviſh Souls*, lay by their Fear,
Nor be concern'd, which way, nor where.

After

After this life they ſhall be hurl'd,
Dead, we become the *Lumber* of the *World*;
And to that *Maſs* of *Matter* ſhall be ſwept, (kept.
Where things Deſtroy'd, with things Unborn, are
Devouring time ſwallows us whole,
Impartial *Death* confounds *Body* and *Soul*.
For *Hell*, and the foul *Fiend*, that rules,
Gods everlaſting fiery *Goales*,
Devis'd by *Rogues*, dreaded by *Fools*;
(With his grim griezly *Dog*, that keeps the *Door*)
Are ſenſleſs *Stories*, idle *Tales*,
Dreams, *Whimſeys*, and no more.

Upon Nothing.

1.

NOthing thou *Elder Brother* ev'n to ſhade,
Thou hadſt a Being, e're the *World* was made,
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

2.

E're time, and place, were, time, and place, were not
When *Primitive Nothing*, ſomething ſtrait begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united --What?

3.

Something, the gen'ral *Attribute* of all,
Sever'd from thee, it's ſole *Original*,
Into thy boundleſs ſelf, muſt undiſtinguiſh'd fall.

4.

Yet ſomething did thy mighty Pow'r command,
And from thy fruitful emptineſſes hand,
Snatcht *Men*, *Beaſts*, *Birds*, *Fire*, *Aire*, and *Land*.

5.

Matter, the wicked'ſt *Off-ſpring* of thy *Race*,
By forme aſſiſted, flew from thy embrace,
And *Rebel Light*, obſcur'd thy reverend duskyFace.

6.

With form, and *Matter*, time, and place, did join,
Body, thy *Foe*, with thee did *Leagues* combine,
To ſpoil thy peaceful *Realm*, and ruin all thy *Line*.

7.

But *Turn-Coat Time*, aſſiſts the *Foe* in vain,
And brib'd by thee, aſſiſts thy ſhort-liv'd *Reign*,
And to thy hungry *Womb*, drives back thy *Slaves* a-
(gain.

8.

Tho *Myſteries* are barr'd from *Laich-Eyes*,
And the Divine alone, with *Warrant* pryes,
Into thy *Boſome*, where thy truth in private lyes.

9.

Yet this of thee, the wiſe may freely ſay,
Thou from the *Virtuous*, nothing tak'ſt away,
And to be part of thee, the *Wicked* wiſely pray.

10.

Great *Negative*, how vainly wou'd the *Wise*,
Enquire, define, diſtinguiſh, teach, deviſe,
Didſt thou not ſtand to point their dull *Philoſophies*.

11.

Is, or is not, the Two great ends of *Fate*,
And true, or falſe, the Subject of debate,
That perfect, or deſtroy, the vaſt deſigns of *Fate*.

12.

When they have rack'd the *Politicians* Breaſt,
Within thy *Boſome*, moſt ſecurely reſt,
And when reduc'd to thee, are leaſt unſafe, & beſt.

13.

But *Nothing*, why does ſomething ſtill permit,
That Sacred *Monarchs*, ſhou'd at *Councel* ſit,
With *Perſons* highly thought, at beſt, for *Nothing* fit.

14.

Whil'ſt weighty *Something*, modeſtly abſtains,
From *Princes Coffers*, and from *States-Mens* Brains,
And *Nothing* there, like ſtately *Nothing* reigns.

15.

Nothing who dwellſt with *Fools*, in grave diſguiſe,
For whom they Reverend ſhapes, & forms deviſe.
Lawn-ſleeves, & *Furrs*, & *Gowns*, when they like thee
(look wiſe.

16.

French Truth, *Dutch* Proweſs, *Britiſh* Policy,
Hybernian Learning, *Scotch* Civility,
Spaniards diſpatch, *Danes* Wit, are mainly ſeen in (thee.

17.

The great *Mans* gratitude, to his beſt *Friend*,
Kings Promiſes, *Whores* Vows, towards thee they bend,
Flow ſwiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

Upon his leaving his Miſtriſs.

'Tis not that I'm weary grown,
Of being yours, and yours alone;
But with what *Face* can I incline,
To damn you to be only mine?
You whom ſome kinder *Pow'r* did faſhion,
By merit, and by inclination,
The joy at leaſt of one whole *Nation*.

Let meaner Spirits of your *Sex*,
With humbler aims, their thoughts perplex,
And boaſt, if by their *Arts* they can,
Contrive to make one happy *Man*;
Whilſt mov'd by an impartial Senſe,
Favours like *Nature* you diſpenſe,
With Univerſal influence.

See the kind Seed-receiving Earth,
To ev'ry Grain affords a *Birth*;
On her no Show'rs unwelcome fall,
Her willing *Womb*, retains 'em all,
And shall my *Celia* be confin'd?
No, live up to thy mighty *Mind*,
And be the Mistriss of *Mankind*.

Song.

IN the *Fields* of *Lincolns Inn*,
Underneath a tatter'd *Blanket*,
On a *Flock-Bed*, *God* be thanked,
Feats of Active Love were seen.

Phillis, who you know loves Swiving,
As the *Gods* love pious *Pray'rs*;
Lay most pensively contriving,
How to Fuck with *Pricks* by pairs.

Coridon's aspiring *Tarse*,
Which to *Cunt*, had ne're submitted;
Wet with Am'rous Kiss she fitted,
To her less frequented Ar---

Strephon's, was a handful longer,
Stiffly propt with eager *Lust*;
None for *Champion*, was more stronger,
This into her *Cunt* he thrust.

Now for Civil *Wars* prepare,
Rais'd by fierce inteſtine buſtle.
When theſe *Heroes* meeting juſtle,
In the *Bowels* of the fair.

They tilt, and thruſt with horrid pudder,
Blood, and ſlaughter is decreed;
Hurling Souls at one another,
Wrapt in flakey *Clotts* of *Seed*.

Nature had 'twixt *C---t* and *A--ſe*,
Wiſely plac'd firm ſeparation;
God knows elſe what deſolation
Had enſu'd from *Warring Tarſe*.

Though *Fate*, a diſmal end did threaten,
It prov'd no worſe than was deſir'd.
The *Nymph* was ſorely *Ballock* beaten,
Both the *Shepherds* ſoundly tir'd.

Upon his Drinking a Bowl.

Vulcan contrive me ſuch a Cup,
As *Neſtor* us'd of old;
Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with *Gold*.

Make

Make it ſo large, that fill'd with *Sack*,
Up to the ſwelling brim;
Vaſt Toaſts, on the delicious *Lake*,
Like *Ships* at *Sea* may ſwim.

Engrave not *Battail* on his Cheek,
With *War*, I've nought to do;
I'm none of thoſe that took *Maſtrich*,
Nor *Yarmouth Leager* knew.

Let it no name of *Planets* tell,
Fixt *Stars*, or *Conſtellations*;
For I am no Sir *Sydrophell*,
Nor none of his *Relations*.

But carve thereon a ſpreading *Vine*,
Then add Two lovely *Boys*;
Their Limbs in Amorous folds intwine,
The *Type* of future joys.

Cupid, and *Bacchus*, my *Saints* are,
May drink, and Love, ſtill reign,
With *Wine*, I waſh away my cares,
And then to *Cunt* again.

Song.

Song.

AS *Cloris* full of harmleſs thoughts,
Beneath a *Willow* lay;
Kind *Love* a youthful *Shepherd* brought,
To paſs the time away.

She bluſht to be encounter'd ſo,
And chid the Amorous *Swain*;
But as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
He pull'd her down again.

A ſudden *Paſſion* ſeiz'd her *Heart*,
In ſpight of her diſdain;
She found a Pulſe in ev'ry part,
And Love in ev'ry *Vein*.

Ah you (ſaid ſhe) what *Charmes* are theſe,
That conquer and ſurpriſe;
Ah let me --- for unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no Pow'r to riſe.

She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he ſhou'd comply;
Her lovely *Eyes*, her *Heart* betray,
And gives her *Tongue* the lye.

Thus ſhe, whom *Princes* had deny'd,
With all their *Pomp* and *Train*;
Was in the lucky *Minute* try'd,
And yielded to the *Swain*.

Song.

Song

QUoth the *Dutchess* of *Cl*——, to Mrs. *Kn*---,
I'd fain have a *Prick*, but how to come by't;
I desire you'le be secret, and give your advice,
Though Cunt be not coy, Reputation is nice.

To some *Cellar*, in *Sodom*, your *Grace* must retire,
There *Porters*, with Black Pots, sit round a *Coal-fire*;
There open your *Case*, and your *Grace* cannot fail,
Of a douzen of *Pricks*, for a douzen of *Ale*.

Is't so quoth the *Dutchess*? Ah by God, quoth the *Whore*.
Then give me the *Key*, that unlocks the Back-dore;
For I had rather be fuckt by *Porters*, and *Car-men*,
Then thus be abus'd by *C*----, and *G*----

Song.

I Rise at Eleven, I Dine about Two,
I get drunk before Seven, and the next thing I do;
I send for my *Whore*, when for fear of a *Clap*,
I Spend in her hand, and I Spew in her *Lap*:
There we quarrel, and scold, till I fall asleep,
When

When the *Bitch*, growing bold, to my Pocket does creep;
Then slyly she leaves me, and to revenge th' affront,
At once she bereaves me of *Money*, and *Cunt*.
If by chance then I wake, hot-headed, and drunk,
What a coyle do I make for the loss of my *Punck*?
I storm, and I roar, and I fall in a rage,
And missing my *Whore*, I bugger my *Page*:
Then crop-sick, all *Morning*, I rail at my *Men*,
And in Bed I lye Yawning, till Eleven again.

Song.

LOve a *Woman*! y'are an *Ass*,
'Tis a most insipid Passion,
To choose out for your happiness!
The idlest part of *Gods Creation*.

Let the *Porter*, and the *Groome*,
Things design'd for dirty *Slaves*,
Drudge in fair *Aurelias Womb*,
To get supplies for Age, and Graves.

Farewel *Woman*, I intend,
Henceforth, ev'ry *Night* to sit,
With my lewd well natur'd *Friend*,
Drinking, to engender *Wit*.

Then

Then give me *Health*, *Wealth*, *Mirth*, and *Wine*,
And if buſie *Love*, intrenches,
There's a ſweet ſoft *Page*, of mine,
Does the trick worth *Forty Wenches*.

Song to Cloris.

FAir *Cloris* in a *Pig-Stye*, lay,
Her tender *Herd*, lay by her,
She ſlept in murm'ring gruntlings, they
Complaining of the ſcorching Day,
Her ſlumbers thus inſpire.

She dreamt, while ſhe with careful pains,
Her ſnow Arms employ'd,
In *Ivory Pailes*, to fill out *Grains*,
One of her Love-convicted *Swaynes*,
Thus hafting to her cry'd.

Fly *Nymph*! Oh fly! e're 'tis too late,
A dear lov'd life to ſave,
Reſcue your Boſome *Pig*, from *Fate*,
Who now expires, hung in the Gate,
That leads to yonder *Cave*.

My ſelf had try'd to ſet him free,
Rather than brought the *Newes*,
But I am ſo abhorr'd by thee,
That ev'n thy *Darlings* life from me,
I know thou woud'ſt refuſe.

Struck

Struck with the News, as quick the flyes,
As blushes to her *Face*;
Not the bright *Lightning* from the *Skies*,
Nor *Love*, shot from her brighter Eyes,
Move half so swift a pace.

This Plot, it seems the Lustful, *Slave*,
Had laid against her *Honor*,
Which not one *God*, took care to save,
For he pursues her to the *Cave*,
And throws himself upon her.

Now pierced is her *Virgin Zone*,
She feels the *Foe* within it,
She hears a broken Am'rous groan,
The panting *Lovers* fainting moan,
Just in the happy *Minute*.

Frighted she wakes, and waking Friggs,
Nature thus kindly eas'd,
In dreams rais'd by her murm'ring *Piggs*,
And her own Thumb between her *Legs*,
She innocent and pleas'd.

Song.

Song.

GIve me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due;
To call you falſe, and then to ſay,
You ſhall not keep my Heart a day,
But alas! againſt my will,
I muſt be your *Captive* ſtill.
Ah! be kinder then, for I
Cannot change, and wou'd not dye.

Kindneſs has reſiſtleſs charmes,
All beſides, but weakly move,
Fierceſt Anger it diſarmes,
And clips the Wings of flying love.
Beauty, does the *Heart* invade,
Kindneſs only can perſwade;
It guilds the *Lovers*, ſervile *Chain*,
And makes the *Slave*, grow pleas'd again.

The Anſwer.

NOthing adds to your fond Fire,
More than ſcorn, and cold diſdain,
I to cheriſh your deſire,
Kindneſs us'd, but 'twas in vain.

You

You insulted on your *Slave*,
Humble love you soon refus'd,
Hope not then a pow'r to have,
Which inglorioully you us'd.

Think not *Thirsis*, I will e're,
By my love my *Empire* loose;
You grow constant through despair,
Love return'd, you wou'd abuse.
Though you still possess my *Heart*,
Scorne, and rigor, I must feign.
Ah! forgive that only Art,
Love has left, your love to gain,

You that cou'd my *Heart* subdue,
To new *Conquests* ne're pretend,
Let your example make me true,
And of a Conquer'd *Foe*, a *Friend*:
Then if e're I shou'd complain,
Of your *Empire*, or my *Chain*,
Summon all your pow'rful Charmes,
And sell the *Rebel*, in your Armes.

Song.

PHillis, be gentler I advice,
Make up for time miſpent,
When *Beauty*, on its *Death-Bed* lyes,
'Tis high time to repent.

Such is the *Malice* of your *Fate*,
That makes you old ſo ſoon,
Your pleaſure ever comes too late,
How early e're begun.

Think what a wretched thing is ſhe,
Whoſe *Stars*, contrive in ſpight,
The *Morning* of her love ſhou'd be,
Her fading *Beauties Night*.

Then if to make your ruin more,
You'll peeviſhly be coy,
Dye with the ſcandal of a *Whore*,
And never know the joy.

Song.

WHat cruel pains *Corinna*, takes,
To force that harmleſs frown,

When not a Charme her *Face* forſakes;
Love, cannot looſe his own.

So ſweet a *Face*, ſo ſoft a *Heart*,
Such *Eyes*, ſo very kind,
Betray alas! the ſilly Art,
Virtue had ill deſign'd.

Poor feeble *Tyrant*, who in vain,
Wou'd proudly take upon her,
Againſt kind *Nature*, to maintain,
Affected Rules of *Honor*.

The ſcorn ſhe bears, ſo helpleſs proves,
When I plead paſſion to her,
That much ſhe fears, but more ſhe loves,
Her *Vaſſal* ſhou'd undo her.

Womans Honor.

Love, bad me hope, and I obey'd,
Phillis continu'd ſtill unkind,
Then you may e'ne deſpair he ſaid,
In vain I ſtrive to change her *Mind*.

Honor's got in, and keeps her *Heart*;
Durſt he but venture once abroad,
In my own right I'd take your part,
And ſhew my ſelf the mightier *God*.

This

This huffing *Honour* domineers,
In *Breasts* alone, where he has place;
But if true gen'rous *Love* appears,
The *Hector* dares not shew his *Face*.

Let me still languish and complain,
Be most unhumanly deny'd,
I have some pleasure in my pain,
She can have none with all her *Pride*.

I fall a Sacrifice to *Love*,
She lives a *Wretch* for *Honours* sake,
Whose *Tyrant* does most cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

Consider reall *Honour* then,
You'll find hers cannot be the same,
'Tis Noble confidence in *Men*,
In *Women*, mean mistrustful shame.

Song.

TO this Moment a *Rebel* I throw down my Arms,
Great *Love*, at first sight of *Olinda's* bright charmes,
Made proud, and secure, by such forces as these,
You may now play the *Tyrant*, as soon as you please.

When Innocence, *Beauty*, and *Wit* do conſpire,
To betray, and engage, and inflame my deſire.
Why ſhou'd I decline, what I cannot avoid;
And let pleaſing hope, by baſe fear be deſtroy'd.

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her *Beauty*'s inclin'd, or why ſhou'd it purſue me?
And *Wit*, has to pleaſure, been ever a *Friend*, (end.
Then what room for deſpair, ſince delight is *Loves*

There can be no danger in ſweetneſs, and youth,
Where *Love*, is ſecur'd by good nature and truth.
On her *Beauty* I'll gaze, and of pleaſure complain,
While ev'ry kind look adds a *Link* to my *Chain*.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to ſurprize,
But her *Wit* leads in triumph the *Slave* of her Eyes,
I beheld, with the loſs of my freedom before,
But hearing, for ever muſt ſerve and adore.

Too bright is my *Goddeſs*, her *Temple* too weak,
Retire Divine *Image*, I feel my *Heart* break,
Help *Love*! I diſſolve in a *Rapture* of *Charms*,
At the thought of thoſe joys, I ſhou'd meet in her Armes.

Song.

HOw happy *Cloris* (were they free)
Might our enjoyments prove?
But you with formal *Jealouſie*,
Are ſtill tormenting *Love*.

Let

Let us (ſince *Wit* inſtructs us how)
Raiſe Pleaſure to the top,
If *Rival Bottle*, you'll allow,
I'll ſuffer *Rival Fopp*.

There's not a brisk inſipid *Spark*,
That flutters in the *Town*,
But with your wanton *Eyes* you mark,
The *Coxcomb* for your own.

You never think it worth your care,
How empty, nor how dull,
The *Heads* of your admirers are,
So that their *Cods* be full.

All this you freely may confeſs,
Yet we'll not diſagree;
For did you love your pleaſure leſs,
You were not fit for me.

While I my Paſſion to purſue,
Am whole *Nights* taking in,
The luſty *Juice* of *Grapes*, take you
The luſty *Juice* of *Men*.

Love *and* Life, *a Song*.

ALl my paſt Life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone;
Like tranſitory *Dreams* giv'n o're,
Whoſe *Images* are kept in ſtore,
By *Memory* alone.

What

What ever is to come, is not,
How can it then be mine?
The preſent *Moment*'s all my *Lot*,
And that as faſt as it is got,
Phillis, is wholly thine.

Then talk not of inconſtancy,
Falſe *Hearts*, and broken *Vows*,
If I by *Miracle* can be,
This live-long *Minute* true to thee,
'Tis all that *Heav'n* allows.

The Fall, *a Song.*

HOw bleſt was the Created *State*,
Of *Man*, and *Woman*, e're they fell,
Compar'd to our unhappy *Fate*;
We need not fear another *Hell*.

Naked beneath cool Shades they lay,
Enjoyment waited on deſire.
Each *Member* did their wills obey,
Nor cou'd a wiſh, ſet pleaſure higher.

But we poor *Slaves*, to hope and fear,
Are never of our joys ſecure.
They leſſen ſtill as they draw near,
And none but dull delights endure.

Then

Then *Cloris*, while I duty pay,
The *Nobler Tribute* of my *Heart*.
Be not you ſo ſevere to ſay,
You love me for a frailer part.

Song.

WHile on thoſe lovely looks I gaze,
To ſee a *Wretch* purſuing,
In *Raptures* of a bleſt amaze.
This pleaſing happy ruine.
'Tis not for pitty, that I move,
His Fate is too aſpiring,
Whoſe *Heart*, broke with a *Load* of love,
Dyes wiſhing, and admiring.

But if this *Murder* you'd ſorgo,
Your *Slave* from Death removing.
Let me your Art of Charming know,
Or learn you mine of Loving.
But whether Life, or Death betide,
In love, 'tis equal meaſure.
The *Victor* lives with empty pride,
The *Vanquiſht* dye with pleaſure.

Song.

Song.

BY all *Loves* ſoft, yet mighty *Pow'rs.*
It is a thing unfit,
That *Men* ſhou'd Fuck in time of *Flow'rs*;
Or when the *Smock*'s beſhit.

Fair naſty *Nymph*, be clean and kind,
And all my joys reſtore;
By uſing Paper ſtill behind,
And Spunges for before.

My ſpotleſs *Flames* can ne're decay,
If after ev'ry cloſe,
My ſmoaking *Prick* eſcape the *Fray*,
Without a Bloody *Noſe*;

If thou wou'dſt have me true, be kind,
And take to cleanly ſinning;
None but freſh *Lovers Pricks* can riſe,
At *Phillis* in foul linnen.

Song.

ROom, room, for a *Blade* of the *Town*,
That takes delight in Roaring,
And daily Rambles up and down,
And at *Night* in the Street lyes ſnoaring.

That

That for the noble name of *Spark*,
Dares his *Companions* rally;
Commits an Out-rage in the dark,
Then ſlinks into an *Alley*.
To ev'ry *Female* that he meets,
He ſwears he bares affection,
Defies all *Laws*, *Arreſts*, and Feats,
By the help of a kind *Protection*.
Then he intending further wrongs:
By ſome reſenting *Cully*,
Is decently run through the *Lungs*,
And there's an end of *Bully*.

Song.

AGainſt the Charmes our *Ballocks* have,
How weak all humane skill is?
Since they can make a *Man* a *Slave*,
To ſuch a *Bitch* as *Phillis*.

Whom that I may deſcribe throughout,
Aſſiſt me *Bawdy Pow'rs*,
I'll write upon a double *Clout*,
And dip my *Pen* in *Flow'rs*.

Her look's demurely impudent,
Ungainly *Beautiful*,
Her *Modeſty* is inſolent,
Her Mirth is pert and dull.

A *Proſtitute*, to all the *Town*,
And yet with no *Man Friends*,
She rails, and ſcolds, when ſhe lyes down,
And curſes when ſhe ſpends.

Bawdy in thoughts, preciſe in words,
Ill natur'd, and a *Whore*,
Her *Belly*, is a *Bag* of *T--rds*,
And her *C--t*, a common ſhore.

Song.

I Cannot change as others do
Though you unjuſtly ſcorn
Since that poor *Swayne* that ſighs for you
For you alone was born.
No *Phillis*, no, your *Heart* to move,
A ſurer way I'll try
And to revenge my ſlighted love
Will ſtill love on, will ſtill love on, and dye.

When kill'd with grief *Amyntas* lyes
And you to mind ſhall call,
The ſighs that now unpitty'd riſe
The Tears that vainly fall;
That welcome hour that ends this ſmart
Will then begin your pain,
For ſuch a faithful tender *Heart*
Can never break, can never break in vain.

The

The Mock Song.

I Swive as well as others do,
I'm young, not yet deform'd,
My tender Heart, ſincere, and true,
Deſerves not to be ſcorn'd.
Why *Phillis* then, why will you ſwive,
With *Forty Lovers* more?
Can I (ſaid ſhe) with *Nature* ſtrive,
Alas I am, alas I am a *Whore.*

Were all my Body larded o're,
With Darts of love, ſo thick,
That you might find in ev'ry *Pore,*
A well ſtuck ſtanding *Prick;*
Whilſt yet my *Eyes* alone were free,
My Heart, wou'd never doubt,
In Am'rous Rage, and Extaſie,
To wiſh thoſe *Eyes,* to wiſh thoſe *Eyes* fuckt out.

Actus Primus Scena Prima.

Enter Tarſander and Swiveanthe.

The Scene.

A

Bed-Chamber.

Tar. FOr ſtanding *Tarſes* we kind Nature thank,
And yet adore thoſe *Cunts* that make 'em lank;
Unhappy *Mortals*! whoſe ſublimeſt joy,
Preys on it ſelf, and does it ſelf deſtroy.
Swi. Do not thy *Tarſe*, *Natures* beſt gift, deſpiſe,
That *C--t*, that made it fall, will make it riſe;
Though it a while the Amorous Combat ſhun,
And ſeems from mine, into thy *Belly* run;
Yet 'twill return, more vig'rous, and more fierce,
Than flaming *Drunkard*, when he's dy'd in Tierce;
It but retires, as looſing *Gameſters* do,
Till they have rais'd a Stock to play a new.
Tar. What pleaſure has a *Gameſter*, if he knows,
When e're he plays, that he muſt always looſe?
Swi. What *Pego* looſes, 'twere a pain to keep,
We ſay not that our Nights are loſt in ſleep;
What pleaſures we in thoſe ſoft *Wars* employ,
We do not waſt, but to the full enjoy. [*ex Tarſander.*

Enter

Enter Celia.

Cel. Madam, methinks thoſe ſleepy Eyes declare,
Too lately you have eas'd a *Lovers* care;
I fear you have with intereſt repaid,
Thoſe eager thruſts, which at your *Cunt* he made.
Swi. With force united, my ſoft *Heart* he ſtorm'd,
Like Age he doated, but like Youth perform'd.
She that alone her *Lover* can withſtand,
Is more than *Woman*, or he leſs than *Man*. [*Exeunt.*

The Firſt Letter from B. *to Mr.* E.

DReaming laſt *Night* on Mrs *Farley*,
My *Prick* was up this *Morning* early;
And I was fain without my *Gown*,
To riſe i'th cold, to get him down.
Hard ſhift alas, but yet a ſure,
Although it be no pleaſing cure.
Of Old, the fair *Ægyptian Slattern*,
For *Luxury*, that had no *Pattern*,
To fortifie her *Roman Swinger*,
Inſtead of *Nutmegs*, *Mace* and *Ginger*,
Did ſpice his *Bowls* (as *Story* tells)
With *Warts* of *Rocks*, and *Spawn* of *Shells*.
It had been happy for her *Grace*,
Had I been in the *Raſcalls* place.
I who do ſcorn that any Stone,
Shou'd raiſe my *Pintle*, but my own,

Had

Had laid her down on ev'ry *Couch*,
And ſpar'd her *Pearl*, and *Diamond Brouch*,
Until her Hot-Tail'd *Majeſty*,
Being happily reclaim'd by me,
From all her wild expenſive ways,
Had worne her *Gems* on *Holy Days*.
But ſince her *C*---- has long done itching,
Let us diſcourſe of *Modern Bitching*.

I muſt intreat you by this Letter,
To enquire for *Whores*, the more the better:
Hunger makes any Man a *Glutton*,
If *Roberts*, *Thomas*, Mrs. *Dutton*.
Or any other *Bawd* of note,
Inform of a freſh *Petticoat*.
Enquire, I pray, with *Friendly* care,
Where their reſpective *Lodgings* are.
Some do compare a *Man* t'a *Barque*,
A pretty *Metaphor*, pray mark,
And with a long and tedious ſtory,
Will all the *Tackling* lay before ye.
The *Sails* are Hope, the *Maſts* deſire,
Till they the gentleſt *Reader* tire.
But howſoe're they keep a pudder,
I'm ſure the *Pintle* is the *Rudder*.
The pow'rful *Rudder*, which of force,
To *Town*, muſt ſhortly ſteer my Courſe;
And if you do not there provide
A *Port*, where I may ſafely ride.
Landing in haſte, in ſome foul *Creek*,
'Tis Ten to One, I ſpring a *Leak*.

Next, I muſt make it my requeſt,
If you have any intereſt;

Or

Or can by any means discover,
Some lamentable Rhyming *Lover*,
Who shall in Numbers harsh and vile,
His *Mistriss*, *Nymph*, or *Goddess* stile.
Send all his Labours down to me,
By the first opportunity.
Or any *Knights* of your round *Table*,
To other *Scriblers* formidable.
Guilty themselves of the same *Crime*,
Dress *Nonsense* up in ragged *Rhyme*.
As once a *Week*, they seldome fail,
Inspir'd with *Love*, and *Grid-Iron Ale*.
Or any paultery *Poetry*,
Tho from the *University*.
Who when the *K*--- and *Q*--- were there,
Did both their *Wit* and *Learning* spare;
And have (I hope) endeavour'd since,
To make the *World* some recompence.
Such damn'd *Fustian*, when you meet,
Be not too rash, or indiscreet;
Tho they can find no just excuses,
To put 'em to their proper uses;
Tho fatal *Privy*, or the *Fire*,
Their Nobler *Foe*, at my desire.
Restrain your nat'rall profuseness,
And spare 'em, though you have a looseness.

Mr.

Mr. E----s *Anſwer.*

AS crafty *Harlots*, uſe to ſhrink,
From *Letchers*, dos'd with ſleep and drink.
When they intend to make up *Pack*,
By filching *Sheets*, or *Shirt* from *Back*.
So were you pleas'd to ſteal away
From me, whilſt on your *Bed* I lay:
But long you had not been departed,
When pincht with cold from thence I ſtarted;
Where miſſing you, I ſtampt and ſtar'd,
Like *Bacon*, when he wak'd and heard,
His *Brazen Head*, in vain had ſpoke,
And ſaw it lye in pieces broke.
Sighing, I to my Chamber make,
And ev'ry *Limb*, was ſtiff as *Stake*.
Unleſs poor *Pego*, which did feel,
Like ſlimey Skin of new ſtript *Eele*.
Or *Pudding*, that miſchance had got;
And ſpent it ſelf half in the *Pot*.
With care, I cleans'd the ſneaking *Varlet*,
That late had been in *Pool* of *Harlot*.
But neither *Shirt*, nor *Water* cou'd,
Remove the ſtench of *Leach'rous Mud*.
The *Queen* of *Love* from *Sea* did ſpring,
Whence the beſt *C----ts* ſtill ſmell like *Ling*.
But ſure this damn'd notorious *Bitch*,
Was made o'th' froth of *Jane Shores Ditch*.
Or elſe her *C----t* cou'd never ſtink,
Like *Pump* that's foul, or naſty *Sink*.

When

When this was done, to Bed I went,
And the whole Day, in ſleep I ſpent;
But the next Morning, freſh and gay,
As *Citizen*, on *Holy Day*;
I wander'd in the ſpacious *Town*,
Amongſt the *Bawds*, of beſt renown!
To *Temple* I a viſit made,
Temple! the *Beauty* of her *Trade!*
The only *Bawd* that ever I,
For want of *Whore* cou'd occupy?
She made me Friends with *Mrs. Cuffer*,
Whom we indeed had us'd too roughly;
For by a gentler way I found,
The *Whore*, wou'd Euck under Ten Pound!
So reſty *Jades*, which ſcorn to ſtir,
Though oft provok'd by Switch, and ſpur,
By milder uſage may be got,
To fall into their wonted Trot.

But what ſucceſs I further had,
And what diſcov'ries good, and bad,
I made by roving up, and down,
I'll tell you when you come to *Town*.

Further, I have obey'd your motion,
Though much provok'd by *Pill*, and *Potion*,
And ſent you down ſome paultry Rhymes,
The greateſt grievance of our times;
When ſuch as *Nature*, never made
For *Poets*, dayly will invade.
Wits Empire, both the *Stage*, and *Preſs*,
And which is worſe, with good ſucceſs,

The Second Letter from B---- *to Mr.* E----

IF I can gueſs the *Devil* choak me,
What horrid fury cou'd provoke thee,
To uſe thy railing, ſcurr'lous Wit,
'Gainſt *C----t*, and *Fr---k*, the ſource of it:
For what but *C---t*, and *Pr--k*, does raiſe
Our thoughts to Songs, and Roundelays?
Enables us to *Anagrams*,
And other Amorous ſlim flams?
Then we write *Plays*, and ſo proceed,
To *Bays*, the *Poets* ſacred *Weed*.
Haſt no reſpect for *God Priapus*?
That Antient Story, ſhall not ſcape us.
Priapus, was a *Roman God*,
But in plain *Engliſh*, *Fr---k*, and *Cod*,
That pleas'd their *Siſters*, *Wives*, and *Daughters*,
Guarded their *Pippins*, and *Pomwaters*,
For at the *Orchards* utmoſt entry,
This mighty *Deity* ſtood *Centry*;
Inveſted in a tatter'd *Blanket*,
To ſcare the *Mag-Pyes*, from their *Banquet*:
But this may ſerve to ſhew we trample,
On Rule, and Method, by example.
Of *Modern Authors*, who do ſhap at all,
Will talk of *Caeſar*, in the *Capitol*,
Of *Cinthias*, *Beams*, and *Sols*, bright Ray,
Known *Foe*, to *Butter-milk*, and *Whey*,
Which ſoftens *Wax*, and hardens *Clay*.

All

All this without the leaſt connexion,
Which to ſay truth's enough to vex one;
But farewel all *Poetique* dizzineſs,
And now to come unto the buſineſs.

Tell the bright *Nymph*, how ſad, and penſively,
E're ſince we us'd her ſo offenſively,
In diſmal Shades, with Armes a croſs,
I ſit lamenting of my loſs;
To *Eccho*, I her Name commend,
Who has it now at her *Tongues* end,
And *Parrot-like*, repeats the ſame,
For ſhou'd you talk of *Tamberlyn*,
Cuffley! ſhe cryes at the ſame time,
Though the laſt *Accents* do not *Rhyme*:
Far more than *Eccho*, e're did yet,
For *Phillis*, or bright *Amoret*.

With *Pen-knife* keen, of mod'rate ſize,
As bright and piercing as her *Eyes*;
A glitt'ring *Weapon*, which wou'd ſcorne,
To pair a *Nail*, or cut a *Corn*;
Upon the *Trees*, of ſmootheſt *Bark*,
I carve her Name, or elſe her mark,
Which commonly 's a bleeding *Heart*,
A weeping *Eye*, or flaming *Dart*.

Here on a *Beech*, like Am'rous *Sot*,
I ſometimes carve a True-loves *Knot*;
There a tall *Oake*, her name does bear,
In a large ſpreading *Character*.
I choſe the faireſt, and the beſt
Of all the *Grove*, among the reſt.
I carv'd it on a *Lofty Pine*,
Which who wept a pint of *Turpentine*;

Such was the terror of her *Name*,
By the report of evil Fame
Who tir'd with immoderate flight,
Had lodg'd upon its Boughs all Night.
The wary *Tree*, who fear'd a *Clap*,
And knew the virtue of his *Sap*,
Dropt *Balſome* into ev'ry *Wound*,
And in an hours time was ſound.
But you are unacquainted yet,
With half the pow'r of *Amoret*,
For ſhe can drink, as well as ſwive,
Her growing *Empire*, ſtill muſt thrive;
Our *Hearts* weak *Forts*, we muſt reſign,
When *Beauty* does it's forces joyn
With *Mans* ſtrong *Enemy*, good Wine:
This I was told by my *Lord O B*----,
A Man whoſe word, I much relie on,
He kept touch, and came down hither,
When thou wert ſcar'd with the foul *Weather*:
But if thou wou'dſt forgiven be,
Say that a *Cunt* detained thee.
Cunt! whoſe ſtrong Charmes, the World bewitches,
The joy of *Kings*! the *Beggar*: R ches!
The *Courtiers*, buſineſs, *States-mans* leiſure!
The tyr'd *Tinkers*, eaſe, and pleaſure!
Of which alas I've leave to prate,
But oh the rigor of my Fate!
For want of bouncing *Bona Roba*!
Laciva eſt nobis pagina vita proba.
For that Rhyme, I was fain to fumble,
When *Pegaſus*, begins to ſtumble,
'Tis time to reſt, your very humble.

M.

Mr. E--s. *Anſwer.*

SO ſoft, and Am'rouſly you write,
Of *Cunt*, and *Pr---k*, the *Cunts* delight;
That were I ſtill in *Lanthorn* ſweating,
Swallowing of *Bolus*, or a ſpitting,
I ſhou'd forget each injury,
The Pockey *Whores*, have offer'd me,
And only of my Fate complain,
Becauſe I muſt from *C---t* abſtain.
The pow'rfull *Cunt*! whoſe very name!
Kindles in me an amorous flame!
Begins to make my *Pintle* riſe,
And long again to fight *Loves Prize*!
Forgetful of thoſe many Scarrs,
He has received in thoſe *Wars*.
This ſhews *Loves* chiefeſt *Magick* lyes,
In *Womens C--ts*, not in their Eyes:
There *Cupid*, does his *Revells* keep,
There *Lovers*, all their Sorrows ſteep,
For having once but taſted that,
Our myſeries are quite forgot.
This may ſuffice to let you know,
That I to *C---t*, am not a *Foe*,
Though you are pleas'd to think me ſo:
Tis ſtrange his Zeal ſhou'd be in ſuſpition
Who dyes a *Martyr*, for's *Religion*.
But now to give you an account
Of *Cuffley*, that *Whore Paramount*!

Cuffley

Cuffley! whoſe *Beauty* warmes the Age,
And fills our *Youth*, with *Love*, and *Rage*,
Who like fierce *Wolves*, purſue the Game,
While ſecretly the *Lech'rous Dame*,
With ſome choice *Gallant*, takes her flight,
And in a Corner Fucks all Night.
Then the next *Morning*, we all hunt,
To find whoſe *Fingers*, ſmell of *Cunt*.
With jealouſie, and Envy mov'd,
Againſt the *Man* that was belov'd.
Whilſt you within ſome *Neighb'ring Grove*,
Indite the Story of your love,
And with your *Pen-knife*, keen, and bright,
On ſtately *Trees*, your paſſion write,
So that each *Nymph* that paſſes through,
Muſt envy her, and pity you;
We at the *Fleece*, or at the *Bear*,
With good *Caſe-knife*, well whet on Stair:
A gentle *Weapon*, made to feed
Mankind, and not to make 'em bleed;
A Thouſand am'rous fancies ſcrape,
There's not a *Pewter-diſh*, can ſcape,
Without her name, or Armes, which are,
The ſame that *Love*, himſelf, does bear.
Here one to ſhew you *Love*'s no *Glutton*,
I'th midſt of Supper, leaves his *Mutton*,
And on a greaſie *Plate*, with care,
Carves the bright Image of the *Fair*,
Another, though a drunken *Sot*,
Neglects his *Wine*, and on the *Pot*,
A band of naked *Cupids* draws,
With *Pr--ks*, no bigger than *Wheat Straws*.

Then

Then on a nasty *Candlestick*,
One figures *Loves Hierogliphick*,
A *Couchant Cunt*, and *Rampant Prick*.
And that the sight may more inflame,
The lookers on, subscribe her name,
Cuffley! her *Sexes* Pride, and shame.
There's not a *Man* but does discover.
By some such Action he's her *Lover*,
But now 'tis time to give her over,
And let your *Lordship*, know, you are
The *Mistriss*, that employs our care;
Your absence makes us Melancholly,
Nor drink, nor *C--t*, can make us jolly;
Unless w'ave you within our Armes,
In whom there dwells diviner Charmes!
Then quit with speed the pensive *Grove*,
And here in *Town*, pursue your love;
Where at your coming, you shall find,
Your *Servants* glad, your *Mistriss* kind,
And all things devoted to your *Mind*.

With your very
Humble Servant,

On

On Mr. E---- H---- upon his *B*---- *P*----

COme on ye *Critticks*! find one fault who dare,
For read it backward, like a *Witches Pray'r*.
'Twill do as well; throw not away your jeasts,
On solid *Non-sense*, that abides all *Tests*.
Wit, like *Tierce Clarret*, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lyes, and's of no use at all;
But in its full perfection of decay,
Turns *Vinegar*, and comes again in play.
This *Simile*, shall stand in thy defence,
'Gainst such dull *Rogues*, as now and then write sense.
He lyes dear *Ned*, who says thy *Brain*, is barren,
Where deep conceits, like *Vermin*, breed in *Carrin*;
Thou hast a *Brain*, such as thou hast indeed,
On what else, shou'd thy *Worme* of *Fancy* feed?
Yet in a *Philbert*, I have often known,
Maggots, survive, when all the *Kernell*'s gone.
Thy *Stile*'s the same, what ever be the *Theame*,
As some digestions, turn all *Meat* to *Phlegm*.
Thy stumbling Founder'd *Jade*, can Trot as high,
As any other *Pegasus*, can fly.
As skillful *Dyvers*, to the bottom fall,
Sooner than those, that cannot swim at all;
So in this way of writing, without thinking,
Thou hast a strange *Alacrity*, in sinking.

Thou

Thou writ'ſt below, even thy own nat'ral parts,
And with acquir'd dullneſs, and new Arts,
Of ſtudy'd *Non-ſenſe*, tak'ſt kind *Readers* hearts.
So the dull *Eele*, moves nimbler in the *Mud*,
Than all the ſwift *Finn'd Racers*, of the Flood.
Therefore dear *Ned*, at my advice forbear,
Such loud complaints 'gainſt *Criticks* to prefer,
Since thou art turn'd an Arrant *Libeller*:
Thou ſett'ſt thy Name, to what thy ſelf doſt write,
Did ever *Libell*, yet ſo ſharply bite?

On the ſame Author upon his B---- P----

AS when a *Bully*, draws his Sword,
Though no *Man* gives him a croſs word;
And all perſwaſions are in vain,
To make him put it up again;
Each *Man* draws too and falls upon him,
To take the wicked *Weapon* from him:
Ev'n ſo *dear Ned*, thy deſp'rate Pen,
No leſs diſturbs all witty *Men*:
And makes 'em wonder what a *Devil*,
Provokes thee to be ſo uncivil;
When thou and all thy *Friends* muſt know 'em,
Thou yet wilt dare to Print thy *Poem*.
That poor *Currs* fate, and thine are one,
Who has his *Tail* pegg'd in a *Bone*;

About

About he runs, no body'll own him,
Men, *Boys*, and *Dogs*, are all upon him.
And first the greater *Wits*, were at thee,
Now ev'ry little *Fool*, will pat thee.
Fellows, that ne're were heard, or read of,
(If thou writ'st on) will write thy head off.
Thus *Mastives*, only, have the knack,
To cast the *Bear*, upon his *Back*,
But when th' unwildy *Beast*, is thrown,
Mungrills, will serve to keep him down.

On the same Author upon his New Ut----

THou damn'd *Antipodes* to common sense,
Thou *Foyle* to *Fluence*! prithee tell from whence,
Does all this mighty *Rock* of dullness spring,
Which in such *Loads* thou to the *Stage* dost bring?
Is't all thy own? or hast thou from *Snow-hill*,
Th' assurance of some *Ballad* making *Quill*?
No, they fly higher yet; thy *Plays* are such,
I'd swear they were translated out of *Dutch*:
And who the Devil, was e're yet so drunk,
To read the *Volumes* of *Myn-Heer Van Dunk*?
Fain wou'd I know what Dyet thou dost keep,
If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?
Sure *Hasty Pudding*, is thy chiefest *Dish*,
With *Lights*, and *Livers*, and with stinking *Fish*.

Ox-

Ox-cheek, Tripe, Garbage, thou doſt treat thy Brain,
Which nobly pays this *Tribute* back again.
With *Dazy Rootes*, thy Dwarfiſh-*Muſe* is fed,
A *Gyants* Body, with a *Pigmyes* Head.
Canſt thou not find 'mongſt all thy num'rous *Race*,
One *Friend*, ſo kind, to tell thee that thy *Play's*,
Laught at by *Box*, *Pit*, *Gallery*, nay *Stage*,
And grown the naus'ous grievance of this Age!
Think on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find,
Thy *Body* made for labor, not thy *Mind*.
No other uſe of *Paper*, thou ſhou'dſt make,
But carrying *Loads* of *Rhymes*, upon thy *Back*;
Carry vaſt *Burthens* till thy Shoulders ſhrink,
But curſt be he, that gives thee *Pen*, and *Ink*:
Thoſe dang'rous *Weapons*, ſhou'd be kept from *Fools*,
As *Nurſes* from their *Children*, keep *Edge-tools*.
For thy dull *Muſe*, a *Muckender* were fit,
To wipe the ſlav'rings of her Infant Wit:
Which though 'tis late (if *Juſtice* cou'd be found)
Shou'd like blind, new born *Puppy's*, yet be drown'd.
For were it not we muſt reſpect afford,
To any *Muſe*, that's *Grand child*, to a *Lord*;
Thine, in the *Ducking-ſtool*, ſhou'd take her Seat,
Drencht like her ſelf, in a great Chair of *State*,
Where like a *Muſe*, of *Quality*, ſhe'll dye,
And thou thy ſelf, ſhalt make her *Elegy*,
In the ſame Strain, thou writ'ſt thy Comedy.

Thy

The Diſappointment.

1.

ONe Day the Am'rous *Liſander*,
By an impatient paſſion ſway'd,
Surpriz'd Fair *Cloris*, that lov'd *Maid*,
Who cou'd defend her ſelf no longer;
All things did with his love conſpire,
The guilded *Planet* of the *Day*,
In his gay *Charriot*, drawn by *Fire*,
Was now deſcending to the *Sea*,
And left no light to guide the World,
But what from *Cloris* brighter Eyes was hurl'd

2.

In a lone *Thicket*, made for love,
Silent, as yeelding *Maids* conſent,
She with a charming languiſhment,
Permits his force; yet gently ſtrove;
Her hands, his Boſome, ſoftly meet,
But not to put him back deſign'd,
Rather to draw him on inclin'd,
Whilſt he lay trembling at her *Feet*;
Reſiſtance, 'tis too late to ſhew,
She wants the pow'r to ſay---Ah! what d'you do?

3.

Her bright *Eyes* ſweet, and yet ſevere,
Where *Love*, and ſhame, confus'dly ſtrive,

Freſh

Freſh vigor, to *Liſander* give;
And whisp'ring ſoftly in his *Ear*,
She cry'd---ceaſe---ceaſe---your vain deſire,
Or I'll call out--what wou'd you doe?
My dearer Honor, ev'n to you,
I cannot--muſt not give--retire,
Or take that life, whoſe chiefeſt part,
I gave you with the Conqueſt of my Heart.

4.

But he, as much unus'd to fear,
As he was capable of *Love*,
The bleſſed *Minutes* to improve,
Kiſſes her *Lips*, her *Neck*, her *Hair*!
Each touch! her new deſires Allarmes!
His burning trembling hand he preſt,
Upon her melting Snowy *Breaſt*,
While ſhe lay panting in his Armes!
All her unguarded *Beauties* lye,
The ſpoiles, and *Trophies*, of the *Enemy*.

5.

And now without reſpect, or fear,
He ſeeks the *Object* of his *Vows*,
His love no modeſty allows.
By ſwift degrees, advancing where,
His daring *Hand* that *Altar* ſeiz'd,
Where *Gods* of *Love*, do Sacrifice!
That awful *Throne*! that *Paradice*!
Where Rage is tam'd, and Anger pleas'd!
That living *Fountain*, from whoſe Trills,
The melted Soul, in liquid drops diſtills!

Her

6.

Her Balmey *Lips*, encountring his,
Their *Bodies*, as their *Souls* they joyn'd,
Where both in Tranſports unconfin'd,
Extend themſelves upon the *Muſs*!
Cloris, half dead, and breathleſs lay,
Her *Eyes* appear'd like *Humid* light,
Such as divides the *Day*, and *Night*,
Or falling *Stars*, whoſe *Fires* decay;
And now no ſigns of life ſhe ſhows,
But what in ſhort-breath'd ſighs, returns and goes.

7.

He ſaw how at her length ſhe lay,
He ſaw her riſing *Boſome* bare;
Her looſe thin *Robes*, through which appear,
A ſhape deſign'd, for love, and play.
Abandon'd by her *Pride*, and ſhame,
She does her ſofteſt ſweets diſpence,
Offring her *Virgin*, innocence,
A *Victim*, to *Loves* ſacred flame.
Whilſt th' o're raviſht *Shepherd*, lyes,
Unable to perform the *Sacrifice*.

8.

Ready to taſte a *Thouſand* joys,
The too tranſported hapleſs *Swayne*,
Found the vaſt pleaſure, turn'd to pain:
Pleaſure! which too much love deſtroys!
The willing Garment by he laid,
And *Heav'n* all open to his view.

Mad

Mad to poſſeſs, himſelf he threw.
On the defenceleſs lovely *Maid*!
But oh! what envious *Gods* conſpire!
To ſnatch his pow'r, yet leave him the deſire!

9.

Natures ſupport, without whoſe Aid,
She can no humane being give;
It ſelf now wants the *Art* to live;
Faintneſs, its ſlacken'd *Nerves* invade,
In vain th' enraged *Youth* aſſay'd,
To call his fleeting *Vigor* back;
No motion, 'twill from motion take,
Exceſs of love, his love betray'd;
In vain he toyles, in vain commands,
Th' *Inſenſible*, fell weeping in his *Hands*.

10.

In this ſo Am'rous cruel ſtrife,
Where *Love*, and *Fate*, were too ſevere,
The poor *Liſander*, in deſpair,
Renounc'd his *Reaſon*, with his life.
Now all the brisk, and *Active fire*,
That ſhou'd the nobler part inflame,
Serv'd to encreaſe his rage, and ſhame,
And left no ſpark for new deſire:
Not all her naked *Charmes* cou'd move,
Or calme that *Rage*, that had debauch'd his love.

11.

Cloris, returning from the *Trance*,
Which love, and ſoft deſire, had bred,

Her

Her tim'rous hand, she gently laid,
Or guided by design, or chance
Upon that *Fabulous Priapus*,
That *Potent God* (as *Poets* feign)
But never did young *Shepherdess*,
(Gath'ring of *Fern*, upon the *Plain*)
More nimbly draw her *Fingers* back,
Finding beneath the *Verdant Leaves* a *Snake*;

12.

Than *Cloris*, her fair hand with drew,
Finding that *God*, of her desires,
Disarm'd of all his pow'rful *Fires*;
And cold, as *Flow'rs*, bath'd in the *Morning Dew*;
Who can the *Nymphs* confusion guess?
The blood forsook the kinder place,
And strew'd with blushes all her *Face*,
Which both disdain, and shame express;
And from *Lisanders*, Armes she fled,
Leaving him fainting, on the gloomy *Bed*.

13.

Like *Lightning*, through the *Grove*, she hyes,
Or *Daphne*, from the *Delphick God*;
No print upon the *Grassy Road*,
She leaves, t' instruct pursuing *Eyes*;
The *Wind*, that wanton'd in her *Hair*,
And with her ruffled Garments plaid,
Discover'd in the flying *Maid*;
All that the *Gods* e're made of *Fair*.
So *Venus*, when her *Love*, was slain,
With fear, and haste, flew o're the Fatal *Plain*.

The

14.

The *Nymphs* resentments, none but I,
Can well imagine, and Condole;
But none can gues's *Lisanders*, Soul,
But those who sway'd his *Destiny*:
His silent griefs, swell up to *Storms*,
And not one *God*, his fury spares,
He curst his *Birth*, his *Fate*, his *Stars*,
But mere the *Shepherdesses* Charmes;
Whose soft bewitching influence,
Had damn'd him to the *Hell*, of *Impotence*.

On a Giniper Tree *now cut down to make Busks.*

WHilst happy I triumphant stood,
The pride and glory of the *Wood*,
My *Aromatick Boughs*, and *Fruit*,
Did with all other *Trees* dispute;
Had right by *Nature*, to excell,
In pleasing both the Taste, and smell.
But to the touch, I must confess,
Bore an unwilling sullenness:
My *Wealth*, like bashful *Virgins*, I,
Yeelded with some reluctancy;
For which my value shou'd be more,
Not giving easily my store.

My *Verdent Branches*, all the year,
Did an Eternal *Beauty* wear,
Did ever young, and gay appear,
Nor needed any *Tribute* pay,
For *Bounties* from the *God* of *Day*.
Nor do I hold Supremacy,
In all the *Wood*, o're ev'ry *Tree*,
But ev'n those to of my own *Race*,
That grew not in this happy place;
But that in which I glory most,
And do my self with reason boast,
Beneath my shade the other *Day*,
Young *Philocles*, and *Cloris*, lay;
Upon my *Root*, he plac'd her *Head*,
And where I grew, he made her *Bed*;
Their trembling *Limbs*, did gently press,
The kind supporting, yeelding *Moss*;
Ne're half so blest, as now to bear,
A *Swayne*, so young, a *Nymph*, so fair.
My grateful *Shade*, I kindly lent,
And ev'ry aiding *Bough* I bent,
So low, as sometimes had the *Bliss*,
To rob the *Shepherd* of a Kiss.
Whilst he in pleasures far above!
The sense of that degree of love!
Permitted ev'ry stealth I made,
Unjealous of his *Rival* shade.
I saw 'em kindle to desire!
Whilst with soft sighs, they blew the *Fire*!
Saw the approaches of their joy,
He growing more fierce, and she less coy!

Saw

Saw how they mingled melting *Rays*!
Exchanging love a Thousand ways!
Kind was the force on ev'ry side,
Her new desires, she cou'd not hide,
Nor wou'd the *Shepherd* be beny'd!
Impatient, he waits no consent,
But what she gave by languishment.
The blessed *Minute* he pursu'd,
Whilst *Love*, her fear, and shame subdu'd;
And now transported in his Armes,
Yeelds to the *Conqueror*, all her *Charmes*!
His panting *Breast*, to hers now joyn'd,
They feast on *Raptures*, unconfin'd!
Vast and luxuriant, such as prove,
The immortality of love!
For who but a *Divinity*!
Cou'd mingle *Souls* to that degree,
And melt 'em into *Extasie*!
Where like the *Phœnix* both expire,
Whilst from the *Ashes* of their *Fire*,
Sprung up a *New*, and soft desire.
Like *Charmers*, Thrice they did invoke
The *God*, and Thrice new vigor took;
And had the *Nymph*, been half so kind,
As was the *Shepherd*, well inclin'd;
The Myst'ry had not ended there,
But *Clorie*, reassum'd her fear,
And chid the *Swayne*, for having prest,
What she (alas) cou'd not resist:
Whilst he, in whom *Loves* sacred flame,
Before, and after was the same,

Humbly implores ſhe wou'd forget
That fault, which he wou'd yet repeat.
From active joys, with ſhame they haſt,
To a reflection on the paſt;
A Thouſand times the *Covert* bleſs,
That did ſecure their happineſs;
Their gratitude, to ev'ry *Tree*
They pay, but moſt to happy me!
The *Shepherdeſs*, my *Bark* carreſt,
Whilſt he my *Root* (*Loves Pillow*) kiſt,
And did with ſighs their *Fate* deplore,
Since I muſt ſhelter 'em no more.
And if before, my joys were ſuch,
In having ſeen, and heard ſo much;
My griefs, muſt be as great, and high,
When all abandon'd I muſt lye,
Doom'd to a ſilent Deſtiny:
No more the Am'rous ſtrife to hear,
The *Shepherds*, Vows, the *Virgins* fear;
No more a joyful looker on,
Whilſt *Loves* ſoft *Battel's* loſt and won.
With grief I bow'd my murm'ring *Head*,
And all my *Criſtal Dew*, I ſhed,
Which did in *Cloris* pity move;
Cloris whoſe *Soul* is made of love.
She cut me down, and did tranſlate,
My being to a happier State:
No *Martyr*, for *Religion* dy'd,
With half that unconſid'ring pride;
My Top, was on the *Altar* laid,
Where *Love*, his ſofteſt Offrings paid;

And

And was as fragrant *Incence* burn'd;
My *Body*, into *Busks*, was turn'd.
Where I ſtill guard the ſacred Store,
And of *Loves Temple*, keep the *Door*.

On the Death of Mr. Greenhill *The Famous* Painter.

WHat doleful cryes are theſe that fright my ſenſe,
Sad, as the groanes of dying innocence!
The killing *Accents*, now more near approach,
And the infectious ſound,
Spreads, and enlarges all around,
And does all *Hearts*, with grief, and wonder touch!
The famous *Greenhill's* dead! ev'n he,
That cou'd to us give immortality,
Is to th' Eternal, ſilent *Groves*, withdrawn,
Thoſe ſullen *Groves*, of Everlaſting Dawn;
Youthful as *Flow'rs* ſcarce blown, whoſe opening *Leaves*,
A wond'rous and a fragrant *Proſpect* gives,
Of what its Elder *Beauties* wou'd diſplay,
When it ſhou'd floriſh up to ripening *May*!
Witty! as *Poets*, warm'd with *Love*, and *Wine*,
Yet ſtill ſpar'd *Heav'n* and his *Friend*;
For both to him, were ſacred, and divine,
Nor cou'd he this, no more than that offend:

Fixt as a *Martyr*, where he *Friendſhip* paid,
And gen'rous as a *God*!
Diſtributing his *Bounties* all abroad,
And ſoft, and gentle, as a *Love-ſick Maid*.

Great *Maſter*, of the Nobleſt Myſtery,
That ever happy knowledge did inſpire;
Sacred as that of *Poetry*!
And which, the wond'ring *World*, does equally admire!
Great *Natures* works, we do contemn,
When on his glorious *Births*, we meditate,
The *Face*, and *Eyes*, more *Darts* receiv'd from him,
Than all the *Charmes* ſhe can create:
The diff'rence is, his *Beauties* do beget,
In the Enamor'd *Soul*, a virtuous heat,
Whilſt *Natures* groſſer pieces move,
In the courſe *Road*, of common love.
So bold, yet ſoft, his touches were.
So round each part, ſo ſweet, and fair,
That as his *Pencil* mov'd, Men thought it preſt,
The lively imitated riſing *Breaſt*,
Which yeelds like *Clouds*, where little *Angels* reſt;
The *Limbs* all eaſie, as his temper was,
Strong as his *Mind*, and *Manly* too;
Large as his *Soul*, his fancy was, and new;
And from himſelf he coppy'd ev'ry grace,
For he had all that cou'd adorn a *Face*,
All that cou'd either *Sex*, ſubdue.

Each excellence he had, that *Youth* has in its pride,
And all experienc'd *Age*, can teach;

At

At once the vig'rous *Fire* of this,
And ev'ry *Virtue*, which that can expreſs,
In all the height that both cou'd reach!
And yet (alas!) in this perfection dy'd!
Dropt like a Bloſſom, with a *Northern* blaſt,
When all the ſcatter'd *Leaves*, abroad are caſt,
As quick! as if his *Fate*, had been in haſt!
So have I ſeen an unfixt *Star*,
Out-ſhine the reſt of all the num'rous Train
(As bright as that which guides the *Marriner*)
Dart ſwiftly from its darken'd Sphear,
And ne're ſhall light the *World* again!
Oh why ſhou'd ſo much knowledge dye!
Or with his laſt kind Breath,
Why cou'd he not to ſome one *Friend*, bequeath
The mighty *Legacy*!
But 'twas a knowledge giv'n to him alone,
That his Eterniz'd name might be,
Admir'd to all *Poſterity*,
By all to whom his grateful name was known!
Come all ye ſofter *Beauties*, come!
Bring *Wreaths* of *Flow'rs* to deck his *Tomb*,
Mixt with the diſmal *Cypreſs*, and the *Yew*,
For he ſtill gave your *Charmes* their due;
And from the injuries of *Age*, and *Time*,
Secur'd the ſweetneſs of your prime,
And beſt knew how t' adore that ſweetneſs too!
Bring all your mournful *Tributes* here,
And let your Eyes, a ſilent ſorrow wear,
Till ev'ry *Virgin*, for a while become,
Sad as his *Fate*, and like his *Pictures* dumb.

To all curious Criticks and Admirers of Meeter.

HAve you seen the raging Stormy *Main*
Toss a *Ship* up, then cast her down again?
Sometimes she seems to touch the very *Skies*,
And then again upon the *Sand*, she lyes.
Or have you seen a *Bull*, when he is jealous,
How he does tear the ground, and Roars and Bellows?
Or have you seen the pretty *Turtle Dove*,
When she laments the absence of her love?
Or have you seen the *Fairyes*, when they sing,
And dance with mirth together in a *Ring*?
Or have you seen our *Gallants*, keep a pudder,
With *Fair* and *Grace*, and *Grace* and *Fair Anstruddery*?
Or have you seen the *Daughter* of *Apollo*,
Pow'r down their rhyming *Liquors* in a hollow *Cane*?
In spungy *Brain*, congealing into *Verse*;
If you have seen all this, then kiss mine *Arse*.

Satyr

Satyr.

A. WHat *Timon* does old Age begin t' approach
That thus thou droop'ſt under a Nights debauch?
Haſt thou loſt deep to needy *Rogues* on Tick
Who ne're cou'd pay, and muſt be paid next *Week*?
Tim. Neither alas, but a dull dining *Sot*,
Seiz'd me ith' *Mall*, who juſt my name had got;
He runs upon me, cries dear *Rogue* I'm thine,
With me ſome *Wits*, of thy acquaintance dine.
I tell him I'm engag'd, but as a *Whore*,
With modeſty enſlaves her *Spark*, the more.
The longer I deny'd, the more he preſt,
At laſt I e'ne conſent to be his *Gueſt*.
He takes me in his *Coach*, and as we go,
Pulls out a *Libel*, of a Sheet, or two;
Inſipid, as, *The praiſe of pious Queens*,
Or *S*-----, unaſſiſted former *Scenes*;
Which he admir'd, and prais'd at ev'ry *Line*,
At laſt it was ſo ſharp, it muſt be mine.
I vow'd I was no more a *Wit*, than he,
Unpractic'd, and unbleſt in *Poetry*:
A *Song* to *Phillis*, I perhaps might make,
But never Rhym'd, but for my *Pintles* ſake:
I envy'd no *Mans* fortune, nor his fame,
Nor ever thought of a revenge ſo tame.
He knew my *Stile*, he ſwore, and 'twas in vain,
Thus to deny the Iſſue of my *Brain*.

Choak'd

Choak'd with his flatt'ry, I no answer make,
But silent leave him to his dear mistake.
Of a well meaning *Fool*, I'm most afraid,
Who sillily repeats, what was well said.
But this was not the worst, when he came home,
He askt are *Sidley*, *Buchurst*, *Savill*, come?
No, but there were above *Halfwit* and *Huffe*,
Kickum. and *Dingboy*. Oh 'tis well enough.
They're all brave *Fellows* cryes mine *Host*, let's Dine,
I long to have my *Belly* full of *Wine*,
They'll write, and fight I dare assure you,
They're Men, *Tam Marte quam Mercurio*.
I saw my error, but 'twas now too late,
No means, nor hopes, appear of a retreat.
Well we salute, and each *Man* takes his Seat.
Boy (says my *Sot*) is my *Wife* ready yet!
A *Wife* good *Gods*! a *Fop* and *Bully* too!
For one poor *Meale*, what must I undergo?
In comes my *Lady* strait, she had been *Fair*,
Fit to give love, and to prevent despair.
But *Age*, *Beauties* incureable Disease,
Had left her more desire, than pow'r to please.
As *Cocks*, will strike, although their *Spurrs* be gone,
She with her old bleer *Eyes* to smite begun;
Though nothing else, she (in despight of time)
Preserv'd the affectation of her prime;
How ever you begun, she brought in love,
And hardly from that Subject wou'd remove.
We chanc'd to speak of the *French Kings*, success;
My *Lady* wonder'd much how *Heav'n* cou'd bless,

A *Man*, that lov'd Two *Women* at one time;
But more how he to them excus'd his Crime.
She askt *Huffe*, if *Loves* flame he never felt?
He answer'd bluntly — do you think I'm gelt?
She at his plainness smil'd, then turn'd to me,
Love in young *Minds*, proceeds ev'n *Poetry*.
You to that passion can no *Stranger* be,
But *Wits*, are giv'n to inconstancy.
She had run on I think till now, but *Meat*
Came up, and suddenly she took her seat.
I thought the *Dinner* wou'd make some amends,
When my good *Host* cryes out-y'are all my *Friends*,
Our own plain Fare, *and the best* Terse *the* Bull
Affords, I'll give you and your Bellies *full*:
As for French Kickshaws, Cellery, and Champoon,
Ragous *and* Fricasses, introth we've none.
Here's a good *Dinner* towards thought I, when strait
Up comes a piece of *Beef*, full *Horsmans* weight;
Hard as the *Arse* of *M——*, under which,
The *Coachman* sweats, as ridden by a *Witch*.
A Dish of *Carrets*, each of 'em as long,
As *Tool*, that to fair *Countess*, did belong;
Which her small *Pillow*, cou'd not so well hide,
But *Visiters*, his flaming Head espy'd.
Pig, *Goose*, and *Capon*, follow'd in the *Rear*,
With all that *Country Bumpkins*, call good Cheer:
Serv'd up with Sauces all of *Eighty*, *Eight*,
When our tough *Youth*, wrestled, and threw the Weight.
And now the *Bottle*, briskly flies about,
Instead of *Ice*, wrapt in a wet *Clout*.

A Brimmer follows the Third bit we eat,
Small Bear, becomes our drink, and Wine, our Meat.
The *Table* was so large, that in less space,
A Man might safe, Six old *Italians* place:
Each Man had as much room, as *Porter B---*,
Or *Harris*, had, in *Cullens*, *Bushel C--t.*
And now the *Wine* began to work, mine *Host*
Had been a *Collonel* we must hear him boast
Not of *Towns* won, but an *Estate* he lost
For the *Kings* Service, which indeed he spent
Whoring, and Drinking, but with good intent.
He talkt much of a Plot, and *Money* lent
In *Cromwells* time. My *Lady* she
Complain'd our love was course, our *Poetry*,
Unfit for modest *Eares*, small *Whores*, and *Play'rs*.
Were of our Hair-brain'd *Youth*, the only cares;
Who were too wild for any virtuous *League*,
Too rotten to consummate the Intrigue.
Falkland, she prais'd, and *Sucklings*, easie Pen,
And seem'd to taste their former parts again.
Mine *Host*, drinks to the best in *Christendome*,
And decently my *Lady*, quits the Room.
Left to our selves, of several things we prate,
Some regulate the *Stage*, and some the *State*.
Halfwit, cries up my Lord of *O-----*,
Ah how well *Mustapha*, and *Zanger* dye!
His sense so little forc'd, that by one *Line*,
You may the other easily divine.

And which is worse, if any worse can be,
He never said one word of it to me.

There's fine *Poetry*! you'd swear 'twere *Prose*,
So little on the Sense, the Rhymes impose.

Damn

Damn me (says *Dingboy*) in my mind *Gods-swounds*
E-----, writes *Airy Songs*, and soft *Lampoons*,
The best of any *Man*; as for your *Nowns*,
Grammar, and Rules of Art, he knows 'em not,
Yet writ Two talking *Plays*, without one *Plot*.
H---, was for *S*----, and *Morocco*, prais'd,
Said rumbling words, like Drums, his courage ruis'd.
Whose broad-built-bulks, the boyst'rous Billows, bear,
Zaphee and *Sally*, *Mugadore*, *Oran*,
The fam'd Arzile, *Alcazer*, *Tituan*.
Was ever braver Language writ by *Man*?
Kickum for *Crown* declar'd, said in *Romance*,
He had out done the very *Wits*, of *France*.
Witness *Pandion*, and his *Charles* the *Eight*;
Where a young *Monarch*, careless of his Fate,
Though Forreign Troops, and *Rebels*, shock his State,
Complains another fight afflicts him more.
(*Videl.*) The *Queens Galleys* rowing from the *Shore*,
Fitting their Oars and Tackling to be gon
Whilst sporting Waves smil'd on the rising Sun.
Waves smiling on the *Sun*! I am sure that's new,
And 'twas well thought on, give the *Devil* his due.
Mine *Host*, who had said nothing in an hour,
Rose up, and prais'd the *Indian Emperor*.
As if our Old World, *modestly withdrew*,
And here in private had brought forth a New.
There are Two *Lines*! who but he durst presume
To make the old *World*, a new withdrawing Room,
Where of another *World* she's brought to *Bed*!
What a brave *Midwife* is a *Laureats* head!

But

But pox of all these *Scriblers*, what do'e think.
Will *Somebes* this year any *Champoone* drink?
Will *Turene* fight him? without doubt says *Huffe*,
If they Two meet, their meeting will be rough.
Damn me (says *Dingboy*) the *French*, *Cowards* are,
They pay, but the *English*, *Scots*, and *Swiss* make *War*:
In gawdy *Troops*, at a review they shine,
But dare not with the *Germans*, *Battel* joyn;
What now appears like courage, is not so,
'Tis a short pride, which from success does grow;
On their first blow, they'll shrink into those fears,
They shew'd at *Cressy*, *Agincourt*, *Poytiers*;
Their loss was infamous, *Honor* so stain'd,
Is by a *Nation* not to be regain'd.
What they were then I know not, now th'are brave,
He that denies it-lyes and is a *Slave*
(Says *Huffe* and frown'd) says *Dingboy*, that do I,
And at that word, at t'others *Head* let fly
A greasie *Plate*, when suddenly they all,
Together by the Eares in Parties fall.
Halfwit, with *Dingboy* joynes, *Kickum* with *Huffe*,
Their Swords were safe, and so we let 'em cuff
Till they mine *Host*, and I, had all enough.
Their rage once over, they begin to treat,
And Six fresh *Bottles*, must the peace compleat.
I ran down Stairs, with a Vow never more
To drink Bear Glass, and hear the *Hectors* roar.

A

A Session of the Poets.

SInce the *Sons* of the *Muses*, grew num'rous, and loud,
For th' appeasing so factious, and clam'rous a Crowd;
Apollo, thought fit in so weighty a cause,
T' Establish a Govornment, *Leader*, and *Laws*.
The hopes of the *Bays*, at this summoning call,
Had drawn 'em together, the *Devil* and all;
All thronging and listning, they gap'd for the Blessing,
No *Presbyter Sermon*, had more crowding, and pressing.
In the *Head* of the *Gang* J--- D----, appear'd,
That Antient grave *Wit*, so long lov'd, and fear'd;
But *Apollo*, had heard a Story 'ith' *Town*,
Of his quitting the *Muses*, to wear the black *Gown*;
And so gave him leave now his *Poetry's* done,
To let him turn *Priest*, now *R*----, is turn'd *Nun*.
This Reverend *Author* was no sooner set by,
But *Apollo*, had got gentle *George*, in his Eye;
And frankly confest, of all Men that writ,
There's none had more fancy, sense Judgment, & *Wit*
But 'th' crying Sin, idleness, he was so harden'd,
That his long Seav'n years silence, was not to be pardon'd.
Brawny *W*------, was the next Man shew'd his Face,
But *Apollo*, e'ne thought him too good for the Place;

No

No *Gentleman Writer*, that office shou'd bear
'Twas a *Trader* in *Wit*, the *Lawrel* shou'd wear,
As none but a *Citt*, e're makes a *Lord Major*.
Next into the Crowd, *Tom S*------, does wallow,
And Swears by his *Guts*, his *Paunch*, and his *Tallow*,
'Tis he that alone best pleases the Age,
Himself, and his *Wife* have supported the *Stage*.
Apollo, well pleas'd with so bonny a *Lad*,
T'oblige him, he told him he shou'd be huge glad,
Had he half so much *Wit*, as he fancy'd he had.
How ever to please so *Jovial* a *Wit*,
And to keep him in humor, *Apollo*, thought fit,
To bid him drink on, and keep his Old Trick,
Of railing at *Poets*, and shewing his *Prick*.
N---L---, stept in next, in hopes of a *Prize*,
Apollo, remember'd he had hit once in Thrice;
By the Rubyes in's Face, he cou'd not deny,
But he had as much Wit, as *Wine* cou'd supply;
Confest that indeed he had a *Musical Note*,
But sometimes strain'd so hard, that he rattled ith' Throat;
Yet owning he had *Sense*, t'encourage him for't,
He made him his *Ovid* in *Augustus's Court*.
Poet S----, his Tryal, was the next came about,
He brought him an *Ibrahim*, with the Preface torn out;
And humbly desir'd, he might give no offence;
God damme, cryes *S*-----, he cannot write sense,
And Ballocks cry'd *Newport*, I hate that dull *Rogue*;
Apollo, consid'ring he was not in vogue,
Wou'd not trust his dear *Boys*, with so modest a *Fool*,
And bid the great *Boy*, shou'd be sent back to *School*,

T---

Tom O----, came next, *Tom S----*, dear *Zany*,
And ſwears for *Heroicks*, he writes beſt of any;
Don C---, his Pockets ſo amply had fill'd,
That his *Mange* was quite cur'd, and his *Lice*, were all kill'd.

But *Apollo*, had ſeen his Face on the *Stage*,
And prudently did not think fit to engage,
The ſcum of a *Play-houſe*, for the Prop of an *Age*.
In the numerous Herd, that encompaſt him round
Little ſtarcht *Jonny C----*, at his Elbow he found,
His *Crevat-ſtring*, new Iron'd, he gently did ſtretch,
His Lilly white hand out, the *Lawrel* to reach;
Alledging that he had moſt right to the *Bays*,
For writing *Romances*, and ſhiting of *Plays*.
Apollo, roſe up, and gravely confeſt,
Of all *Men* that writ, his *Tallent* was beſt:
For ſince pain, and diſhonor, *Mans* life only damn,
The greateſt felicity, *Mankind* can claim,
Is to want ſenſe of ſmart, and be paſt ſenſe of ſhame:
And to perfect his *Bliß*, in *Poetical Rapture*,
He bid him be dull to the end of the *Chapter*.

The *Poeteß Afra*, next ſhew'd her ſweet face,
And ſwore by her *Poetry*, and her black *Ace*,
The *Lawrel*, by a double right was her own,
For the *Plays* ſhe had writ, and the *Conqueſts* ſhe had won:
Apollo, acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
Yet to deal franckly, and ingeniouſly by her,
He told her were *Conqueſts*, and *Charmes* her pretence,
She ought to have pleaded a *Dozen* years ſince.

Anabalusthu put in for a ſhare,
And little *Tom Eſſences Author*, was there.
Nor cou'd *D----*, forbear for the *Lawrel* to ſtickle,
Proteſting he had had the *Honor* to tickle,
The Eares of the *Town*, with his dear *Madam Fickle*.
With other pretenders, whoſe names I'd rehearſe,
But that they're too long to ſtand in my *Verſe*.
Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious *Harrangue*,
Finds at laſt *Tom B-----*, face in the gang,
And ſince *Poets*, without the kind *Play'rs*, may hang;
By his own light, he ſolemnly ſwore,
That in ſearch of a *Laureat*, he'd look out no more.
A general murmur ran quite through the *Hall*,
To think that the *Bays*, to an *Actor*, ſhou'd fall,
But *Apollo*, to quiet, and pacifie all;
E'ne told 'em to put his deſert to the Teſt,
That he had made *Plays*, aſwel as the beſt;
And was the greateſt wonder, the *Age* ever bore,
For of all the *Play-Scriblers*, that e're writ before,
His wit, had moſt worth, and moſt modeſty in't,
For he had writ *Plays*, yet ne're came in print.

Satyr.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris *aut carcere dignum*
Si vis esse aliquis ----- Indem sat.

Suppos'd to be spoken by a *Court Hector*

Pindarique.

NOw curses on ye all, ye virtuous *Fools*,
Who think to fetter free born *Souls*,
And tye 'em up to dull *Morality*, and *Rules*;
The *Stagyrite*, be damn'd, and all the Crew,
Of learned *Idiots*, who his steps pursue;
And those more silly *Proselites*, whom his fond Precepts drew! (drown'd
Oh had his *Ethicks*, been with their wild *Author*
Or a like fate, with those lost Writings found,
Which that grand *Plagiary*, doom'd to *Fire*,
And made by unjust *Flames* expire,
They ne're had then seduc'd *Mortality*,
Ne're lasted to debauch the *World*, with their lewd *Pedantry*.
But damn'd and more (if *Hell* can do't) be that Thrice curs'ed name,
Who e're the rudiments of Law design'd;
Who e're did the First *Model* of *Religion*, frame,

And by that double *Vaſſalage* enthrall'd *Mankind*;
By nought before, but their own Pow'r, or will confin'd:
Now quite abridg'd of all their Primitive liberty.
And *Slaves*, to each capricious *Monarchs*, Tyranny.
More happy *Brutes*! who the great Rule of ſenſe obſerve,
And ne're from their Firſt Charter ſwerve.
Happy whoſe lives are meerly to enjoy,
And feel no ſtings of Sin, which may their Bliſs annoy;
Still unconcern'd, at *Epithets* of ill, or good,
Diſtinctions unadult'rate *Nature*, never underſtood.

2.

Hence! hated *Virtue*, from our goodly *Iſle*!
No more our joys beguile!
No more, with thy loath'd preſence plague our happy State;
Thou *Enemy* to all, that's brisk, or gay, or brave, or great!
Begon! with all thy pious meager *Train*,
To ſome unfruitful, unfrequented *Land*,
And there an *Empire* gain,
And there extend thy rigorous command:
There where illib'ral Natures nigardice,
Has ſet a *Tax* on *Vice*!
Where the lean barren *Region*, does enhance,
The worth of dear intemperance!
And for each pleaſurable Sin, exacts Exciſe!
We (thanks to *Heav'n*) more cheaply can offend,

And

And want no tempting *Luxuries*,
No good convenient Sinning opportunities,
Which *Natures* bounty cou'd beſtow, or *Heav'ns* kindneſs lend!
Go follow that niece *Goddeſs*, to the *Skies*!
Who heretofore diſguſted at encreaſing Vice,
Diſlik'd the *World*, and thought it too prophane,
And timely hence retir'd, and kindly ne're return'd again,
Hence! to thoſe Airy Manſions rove,
Converſe with *Saints*, and holy *Folks* above!
Thoſe may thy preſence woe,
Whoſe lazy eaſe, affords 'em nothing elſe to do.
Where haughty ſcornful I,
And my great *Friends*, will ne're vouchſafe thee Company.
Thou art now a hard unpracticable good,
Too difficult for *Fleſh*, and *Blood*,
Were I all Soul like them, perhaps I'd learn to practice thee.

3.

Virtue! thou ſolemn grave impertinence,
Abhorr'd by all the *Men* of *Wit*, and *Sence*!
Thou damn'd *Fatigue*! that clogg'ſt lifes Journey here,
Tho thou no weight of *Wealth*, or profit bear!
Thou puling, fond, Green-ſickneſs of the *Mind*,
That makes us prove to our own ſelves unkind;
Whereby we *Coales*, and *Dirt*, for *Dyet*, chooſe,
And pleaſures better *Food* refuſe.

Curst *Jilt*! that leadst deluded *Mortals* on,
Till they too late perceive themselves undone,
Chows'd by a *Dowry*, in Reversion!
The greatest *Votary*, thou e're cou'dst boast,
Pitty so brave a Soul, was in thy service lost,
What wonders he in wickedness had done!
Whom thy weak pow'r, cou'd so inspire alone!
Though long with fond Amors he courted thee,
Yet dying did recant his vain Idolatry;
At length (though late) he did repent with shame,
Forc'd to confess thee nothing but an empty name.
So was that *Letcher*, gull'd, whose haughty love,
Design'd a *Rape*, on the *Queen Regent*, of the *Gods* above.
When he a *Goddess*, thought he had in chase,
He found a gawdy *Vapor* in the place,
And with thin Aire, beguil'd his starv'd embrace;
Idly he spent his *Vigor*! spent his blood,
And tyr'd himself, t' oblige an unperforming *Cloud*.

4.

If Human kind to thee e're Worship paid,
They were by ignorance misled;
That only them devout, and thee a *Goddess* made:
Known hap'ly in the *Worlds* rude, untaught, Infancy,
Before it had out-grown its Childish innocence;
Before it had arriv'd at sense,
Or reach'd the *Manhood*, and discretion of Debauchery:
Known in those Antient Godly duller times,
When crafty *Pagans*, had engross'd all Crimes:

When

When *Christian Fools*, were obstinately good,
Nor yet their Gospel freedom, understood.
Tame easie *Fops*, who cou'd so prodigally bleed,
To be thought *Saints*, and dye a Kalender with red
No prudent *Heathen*, e're seduc'd cou'd be,
To suffer Martyrdom for thee,
Only that Arrant *Asse*, whom the false *Oracle* call'd wise:
(No wonder if the *Devil* utter'd *Lyes*)
That sniv'ling *Puritan*, who spite of all the Mode,
Wou'd be unfashionably good;
And exercis'd his whining gifts, to rail at Vice.
Him all the *Wits*, of *Athens*, damn'd,
And justly with *Lampoones*, defam'd.
But when the mad *Fanatick*, cou'd not silenc'd be,
From broaching dangerous Divinity,
The wise *Republick*, made him for prevention dye,
And kindly sent him to the *Gods*, and better Company.

5.

Let fumbling Age, be grave, and wise,
And *Virtues* poor contemn'd *Idea* prize,
Who never knew, now are past the sweets of Vice;
Whilst we whose Active Pulses beat,
With lusty youth, and vig'rous heat,
Can all their *Birds*, and *Moralls* too despise?
Whilst my plump *Veines*, are fill'd with Lust, and Blood,
Let not one thought of her intrude,
Or dare approach my *Breast*;
But know 'tis all possest,

By a more welcome *Guest*;
And know, I have not yet the leisure to be good.
If ever unkind *Destiny*,
Shall force long life on me;
If e're I must the curse of *Dotage* bear,
Perhaps I'll dedicate those *Dregs* of time, to her,
And come with *Crutches*, her most humble *Votary*.
When Sprightly *Vice*, retreats from hence,
And quits the ruines of decayed sense,
She'll serve to Usher in a fair pretence,
And varnish with her Name, a well dissembled Impotence!
When Phthisick, Rheums, Catarrhs, and Palsies, seize,
And all the *Bill* of *Maladies*,
Which *Heav'n*, to punish over-living *Mortals* sends;
Then let her enter, with th' numerous infirmities,
Her self the greatest plague, which wrinckles, and gray Hairs, attends.

6.

Tell me ye Venerable *Sots* who court her most,
What small advantage can she boast,
Which her great *Rival*, has not in a greater store engross'd?
Her quiet, calm, and peace of *Mind*,
In *Wine*, and Company, we better find,
Find it with pleasure, too combin'd!
In mighty Wine, where we our Senses steep,
And lull our cares, and *Consciences* asleep!
But why do I, that wild *Chimera* name?
Conscience! that giddy Airy *Dreame*;

Which

Which does from *Brain-sick-heads*, or ill digesting
Stomachs, steam.
Conscience! the vain fantastick fear,
Of punishments, we know not when, or where:
Project of crafty *States-men*, to support weak Law,
Whereby they slavish Spirits awe,
And dastard Souls, to forc'd obedience draw.
Grand Wheadle! which our *Gownd-Impostors* use,
The poor unthinking *Rabble*, to abuse:
Scare-Crow, to fright from the forbidden Fruit of
Vice,
Their own beloved *Paradise!*
Let those vile *Cantors*, wickedness decry,
Whose Mercenary Tongues take pay
For what they say;
And yet commend in practice, what their words
deny.
While we discerning Heads, who farther pry,
Their holy *Cheats* defie,
And scorn their frauds, and scorn their sanctify'd
Cajollery.
None but dull unbred *Fools*, discredit Vice,
Who act their wickedness, with an ill grace;
Such their Profession scandalize,
And justly forfeit all that praise,
All that esteem, that credit, and applause,
Which we by our wise *Manage*, from a Sin can
raise.
A true, and brave transgressor ought,
To Sin with the same height of Spirit, *Cæsar* fought,
Mean-soul'd, Offenders, now no Honor gain,
Only Debauchees of the Nobler strain;

Vice,

Vice, well improv'd, yeelds Bliss, and Fame beside,
And some for Sinning have been *Deify'd*!
Thus the lewd *Gods*, of old, did move,
By these Brave *Methods*, to the Seats above!
Ev'n *Jove* himself, the Sov'raign *Deity*,
Father, and *King*, of all th'immortal Progeny,
Ascended to that high degree,
By Crimes above the reach of weak *Mortality*:
He *Heav'n*, one large *Seraglio*, made,
Each *Goddess*, turn'd a glorious *Punk*, 'oth' Trade,
And all that sacred place,
Was fill'd with *Bastard Gods*, of his own Race!
Almighty *Letch'ry* got his first repute,
And everlasting Whoring, was his chiefest Attribute.

8.

How gallant was that *Wretch*, whose happy guilt,
A fame upon the ruines of a *Temple* built?
Let *Fools*, (said he) impiety alledge,
And urge the no great fault of *Sacriledge*?
I'll fet the sacred *Pile*, on flame,
And in its *Ashes*, write my lasting name!
My Name! which thus shall be,
Deathless, as its own *Deity*!
Thus, the vain glorious *Carian*, I'll out do,
And *Egypts*, proudest *Monarchs* too!
Those lavish *Prodigals*, who idely did consume,
Their lives, and Treasures to erect a *Tomb*,
And only great, by being buryed won'd become.

At

At cheaper rates than they, I'll buy renown,
And my lowd Fame, shall all their silent glories
drown!
So spake the daring *Hector*, so did Prophecy,
And so it prov'd -- in vain did envious Fate,
By fruitless *Methods* try,
To raise his well built *Fame*, and *Memory*
Amongst *Posterity*:
The *Beautifeu*, can now immortal write,
While the inglorious *Founder*, is forgotten quite.

9.

Yet greater was that mighty *Emperor*,
(A greater Crime, befitted his high pow'r)
Who sacrific'd a *City*, to a jeast,
And shew'd he knew the grand Intrigues of humor
best!
He made all *Rome*, a *Bon-fire* to his Fame!
And sung, and plaid, and danc'd amidst the
Flame!
Bravely begun! yet pitty there he staid,
One step to glory more he shou'd have made!
He shou'd have heav'd the noble *Frollick* higher!
And made the *People*, on that *Fun'ral Pile* expire!
Or providently with their *Blood* put out the *Fire*!
Had this been done,
The utmost pitch of glory he had won!
No greater *Monument* cou'd be,
To consecrate him to *Eternity*!
Nor shou'd there need another *Herald*, of his praise
but *me*!

And

10.

And thou yet greater *Faux*, the glory of our Isle
Whom baffled *Hell*, esteems its chiefest *Foyle*;
('Twere injury, shou'd I omit thy name)
Whose Action, merits all the breath of *Fame*!
Methinks I see the trembling Shades below,
Around in humble rev'rence how,
Doubtful they seem, whether to pay their *Loyalty*,
To their dread *Monarch*, or to thee!
No wonder he grown jealous, of thy fear'd success,
Envy'd *Mankind*, the honor of thy wickedness,
And spoyl'd that brave attempt, which must have
made his grandeur *less*.
How e're regret not mighty *Ghost*,
Thy *Plot* by treacherous Fortune crost,
Nor think thy well deserved glory lost!
Thou the full praise of *Villany*, shalt ever share,
And all will judge thy Act compleat enough, when
thou coudst dare.
So thy great *Master*, fear'd, whose high disdain,
Contemn'd that *Heav'n*, where he cou'd not
reign.
When he with bold ambition strove,
T' usurp the *Throne* above,
And led against the *Deity*, an Armed Train.
Though from his vast designs he fell,
O're pow'rd by's *Almighty Foe*,
Yet gain'd he *Victory*, in his overthrow;
He gaind sufficient *Triumph*, that he durst rebel,
And 'twas some pleasure, to be thought the great'st
in *Hell*!

Tell

II.

Tell me ye great *Triumvirate*, what ſhall I do,
To be Illuſtrious as you?
Let your example move me with a gen'rous Fire!
Let 'em into my daring thoughts inſpire!
Somewhat compleatly wicked, ſome vaſt *Gyant* Crime,
Unthought, unknown, unpattern'd, by all paſt, and preſent time!
'Tis done, 'tis done, methinks I feel the pow'rful Charmes!
And a new heat of Sin, my Spirits warms!
I travel with a glorious Miſchief, for whoſe *Birth*
My Souls too narrow, and weak Fate too feeble, yet to bring it forth!
Let the unpitty'd *Vulgar*, tamely go,
And ſtock for company, the wide *Plantations* below:
Such their vile Souls, for viler *Barter* ſell,
Scarce worth the damning, or their room in *Hell*.
We are its *Grandees*, and expect as high preferment there,
For our good ſervice, as on *Earth* we ſhare.
In them, Sin is but a meer privative of good,
The frailty and defect, of *Fleſh*, and *Blood*;
In us 'tis a perfection, who profeſs
A ſtudy'd, and Elaborate wickedneſs:
Wee're the great *Royal Society* of Vice,
Whoſe Talents, are to make diſcoveries,
And advance Sin, like other *Arts* and *Sciences*.
'Tis I, the bold *Columbus*, only I,

Who

Who must new *Worlds*, in Vice descry,
And fix the *Pillars*, of unpassable Iniquity.

12.

How sneaking was the First *Debauch* that sinn'd,
Who for so small a Sin, sold *Human* kind!
How undeserving that high place,
To be thought *Parent*, of our Sin, and Race;
Who by low guilt, our *Nature* doubly did debase.
Unworthy was he to be thought,
Father, of the great *First-born Cain*, which he begot.
The Noble *Cain*! whose bold, and gallant Act,
Proclaim'd him of more high *Extract*!
Unworthy me,
And all the braver part of his *Posterity*;
Had the just *Fates* design'd me in his stead,
I'd done some great, and unexampled Deed!
A Deed! which shou'd decry,
The *Stoicks* dull Equality,
And shew that Sin admits transcendency!
A *Deed*! wherein the *Tempter* shou'd not share,
Above what *Heav'n*, cou'd punish, and above what
he cou'd dare!
For greater Crimes than his, I wou'd have fell,
And acted somewhat, which might merit more than
Hell.

An

An Apology to the fore-going Satyr *by way of Epilogue.*

MY part is done, and you'll I hope excuſe,
The extravagance, of a repenting *Muſe*;
Pardon what e're ſhe has too boldy ſaid,
She only acted here in *Masquerade*;
And the ſlight *Arguments*, ſhe did produce,
Were not to flatter Vice, but to traduce:
So we *Buffoones*, in *Princely* dreſs expoſe,
Not to be gay, but more ridiculous.
When ſhe a *Hector*, for her *Subject* had,
She thought ſhe muſt be *Tarmagant*, and mad;
That made her ſpeak like a lewd *Punck*, 'oth' *Town*,
Who by converſe with *Bullys*, wicked grown,
Has learn'd the *Mode*, to cry all Virtue down:
But now the *Vizor's* off, ſhe changes Scene,
And turns a modeſt, civil *Girl*, again.
Our *Poet*, has a diff'rent taſte of Wit,
Nor will to th' common Vogue, himſelf ſubmit.
Let ſome admire the *Fops*, whoſe Talents lye,
Inventing dull inſipid *Blaſphemy*;
He ſwears he cannot with thoſe termes diſpenſe,
Nor will be damn'd, for the repute of ſenſe.
Wits name, was never to profaneſs due,
For then you ſee, he cou'd be witty too:
He cou'd *Lampoon* the *State*, and *Libel Kings*,
But that he's *Loyal*, and knows better things,
Than *Fame*, whoſe guilty *Birth* from *Treaſon* ſprings.

He

He likes not wit, which can no *Licence* claim,
To which the *Author*, dares not ſet his Name:
Wit, ſhou'd be open, court each *Readers Eye*,
Not lurk in fly, unprinted privacy.
But Criminal *Writers*, like dull *Birds* of Night,
For weakneſs, or for ſhame, avoid the light:
May ſuch a *Jury*, for the *Audience* have,
And from the *Bench*, not *Pit*, their doom receive:
May they the *Tow'r*, for their due merits ſhare,
And a juſt Wreath of *Hemp*, not *Lawrel* wear.
He cou'd be *Bawdy* too, and nick the times,
In what they dearly love, damn'd *Placket* Rhymes.
Such as our *Nobles* write----------
Whoſe nauſeous *Poetry*, can reach no higher,
Than what the *Cod-peice*, or its *God* inſpire:
So lewd they ſpend at Quill, you'd juſtly think,
They wrote with ſomething naſtier than Ink.
But he ſtill thought that little wit, or none,
Which a juſt modeſty, muſt never own,
And a meer *Reader*, with a bluſh attone.
If Ribauldry, deſerve the praiſe of wit,
He muſt reſign to each Illit'rate *Cit*,
And *Prentices*, and *Car-men*, challenge it:
Ev'n they too, can be ſmart, and witty there,
For all *Men*, on that Subject, *Poets* are.
Henceforth he ſays, if ever more he find,
Himſelf to the baſe itch of Verſe, inclin'd,
If e're he's given up ſo far to write,
He never means to make his end delight;
Shou'd he do ſo, he muſt deſpair ſucceſs,
For he's not now debauch'd enough to pleaſe,
And muſt be damn'd for want of wickedneſs.

He'll

He'll therefore uſe his gift another way,
And next the uglineſs of Vice diſplay:
Though againſt *Virtue* once he drew his Pen,
He'll ne're for ought, but her defence agen.
Had he a *Genius*, and *Poetick* Rage,
Great as the *Vices*, of this guilty Age;
Were he all *Gaule*, and arm'd with ſtore of ſpight,
'Twere worth his pains to undertake to write:
To Noble *Satyr*, he'd direct his aim,
And by't *Mankind*, and *Poetry*, reclaim:
He'd ſhoot his Quills, juſt like a *Porcupine*,
At *Vice*, and make 'em ſtab in ev'ry *Line*;
The *World*, ſhou'd learn to bluſh-----
And dread the vengeance of his angry Wit,
Which more than their own *Conſciences* ſhou'd fright;
And all ſhou'd think him *Heav'ns*, juſt plague deſign'd,
To viſit for the Sins of lewd *Mankind*.

Upon the Author of a Play call'd Sodom

TEll me abandon'd *Miſcreant*, prithee tell,
What damned Pow'r invok'd and ſent from *Hell*;
(If *Hell*, were bad enough) did thee inſpire,
To write, what *Fiends* aſham'd wou'd bluſhing hear?

Hast thou of late embrac'd some *Succubus*?
And us'd the lewd *Familiar*, for a *Muse*?
Or didst thy Soul, by Inch'outh' *Candle* sell,
To gain the glorious Name of *Pimp*, to *Hell*?
If so; go, and its vow'd *Allegiance* swear,
Without Prest-Money, be its *Volunteere*:
May he who envies thee, deserve thy fate,
Deserve both *Heav'ns*, and *Mankinds*, scorn, and hate.

Disgrace to *Libels*! Foyle to very shame,
Whom 'tis a scandal to vouchsafe to damn.
What foul discriptions foul enough for thee,
Sunk quite below the reach of infamy?
Thou covet'st to be lewd, but want'st the might,
And art all over *Devil*, but in Wit.
Weak feeble *Strainer*, at meer ribaldry,
Whose *Muse*, is impotent to that degree,
'T had need like Age, be whipt to *Lechery*.
Vile *Sot*! who clapt with *Poetry* art sick,
And void'st Corruption, like a *Shanker'd Prick*.
Like *Ulcers*, thy impostum'd Addle Brains,
Drop out in *Matter*, which thy Paper stains:
Whence nauseous *Rhymes*, by filthy *Births* proceed,
As *Maggots*, in some *T-rd*, ingendring breed.
Thy *Muse* has got the *Flow'rs*, and they ascend,
As in some *Green-sick Girl*, at upper end.
Sure *Nature* made, or meant at least t' have don't,
Thy Tongue a *Clytoris*, thy Mouth a *C--t*:
How well a *Dildoe*, wou'd that place become,
To gag it up, and make't for ever dumb?
At least it shou'd be syring'd ———

Or

Or wear some stinking *Merkin*, for a Beard,
That all from its base converse, might be scar'd.
As they a *Door* shut up, and mark'd beware,
That tells infection, and the *Plague* is there.
Thou *Moorfields Author*, fit for *Bawds* to quote,
(If *Bawds* themselves, with Honor safe may do't)
When *Suburb Prentice*, comes to hire delight,
And wants incentives to dull Appetite,
There *Punk*, perhaps, may thy brave works rehearse,
Frigging the senseless thing, with Hand, and Verse.
Which after shall (preferr'd to *Dressing Box*)
Hold *Turpentine*, and *Medicines* for the *Pox*.
Or (if I may ordain a *Fate* more fit)
For such foul, nasty, *Excrements* of *Wit*,
May they condemn'd to th' publick *Jakes*, be sent,
For me I'd fear the *Piles*, in vengeance sent
Shou'd I with them prophane my *Fundament*)
There bugger wiping *Porters*, when they shite,
And so thy *Book* it self, turn *Sodomite*.

A Call to the Guard *by a* Drum.

Rat too, rat too, rat too, rat tat too, rat tat too.
With your Noses all scabb'd, and your Eyes *black, and blew,*
All ye hungry poor Sinners, *that* Foot Soldiers *are,*

Though with very small Coyne yet with very much care,
From your Quarters *in* Garrets, *make haste to repair,*
To the Guard to the Guard.
From your sorry Straw-beds, & your bonny white Fleas,
From your Dreames of small drink, and your very small ease,
From your plenty of stink, and no plenty of room,
From your Walls *daub'd with Phlegm sticking on 'em like Gum,*
And Ceiling hung with cobwebs, to stanch a cut Thumb,
To the Guard, &c.
From your crackt Earthen Pis pots, where no Pis can stay
From Roofes bewrit with snuffs in letters the wrong way,
From one old broken Stool, with one unbroken Leg,
One Box *with ne're a* Lid, *to keep ne're a* Rag,
And Windows that of Storms more than your selves can brag,
To the Guard, &c.
With trusty Pike, *and* Gun, *and the other rusty* Tool,
With heads extreamly hot, and with Hearts wondrous cool;
With Stomachs meaning non: (*but* Cooks *and* Sutlers) *hurt;*
With two old totter'd Shooes, that disgrace the Town Dirt.
With Forty sorts of Breeches, and not one shred of Shirt.
To the Guard, &c.
See they come, see they come, see they come, see they come
With Allarmes in their Pates, to the call of a Drum;
Some lodging with Bawds (*whom the modest call Bitches*)
With their Bones dry'd to Kexes, and Legs shrunk to Switches;

With

With the Plague in the Purſe, & the Pox, in the Breeches.
To the Guard, &c.

Some from ſnoring, and farting, and ſpewing on Benches,
Some from damn'd fulſome Ale, and more damn'd ful-
ſome Wenches;
Some from Put, and Size Ace, and old Sim, this way ſtalk,
Each Mans reeling's his Gate, and his Hyccop, his talk;
With two new Cheeks of red, from ten old Rows of Chalk.
To the Guard, &c.

Here come others from ſcuffling, & damning mine Hoſt,
With their Tongues at laſt tam'd, but with Faces that
boaſt,
Of ſome Scars, by the Jordan, or War-like Quart Pot,
For their building of Sconces, and Volleys of Shot,
Which they charg'd to the Mouth, but diſcharg'd ne're a
Groat.
To the Guard, &c.

They for Valor in black too! the Chaplain *does come!*
From his Preaching o're Pots, now to pray o're a Drum.
All ye Whoring, and Swearing, old Red Coats draw near,
Like to Saints, *in red Letters, liſten, and give ear,*
And be Godly awhile ho, and then as you were.
To the Guard, &c.

After ſome canting Terms, to your Armes and the like,
Such as poyſing your Musket, or porting your Pike;
To the Right, to the Left, or elſe Face about,
After ratling your Sticks, and your ſhaking a Clout,
Haſt your Infantry Troops, that mount the Guard on
Foot.
To the Guard, &c.

Captain Hector; *firſt marches, but not he of* Troy,
But a Triſle made up of a Man, *and a* Boy.

See the Man scant of Arms, in a Scarf does abound,
Which presages some swagg'ring, but no blood, nor wound,
Like a Rain-bow, that shews the World shan't be drown'd.
To the Guard, &c.

As the Tinker, *wears Rags, whilst the* Dog *bears the Budget,*
So the Man stalks with staff, whilst the Foot-boy does trudge it,
With the Tool he shou'd work with (that's Half-pike you'll say)
But what Captain's *so strong his own Arms to convey,*
When he marches o're loaden with Ten other Mens pay.
To the Guard, &c.

In his March (if you mark) he's attended at least,
With stinks Sixteen deep, and about Five a Breast
Made of Ale, and Mundungas, Snuff, Rags, and Brown Crust for,
While he wants Twenty Taylors, *to make up the Cluster,*
Which declares that his journey's not new to the Muster,
But to the Guard, &c.

Some with Musket, and Belly, uncharg'd march away,
With Pipes, black as their Mouths are, and shoot as their pay,
Whilst their Coats made of holes, shew like Bone-lace about 'em,
And their Bandileers hang like to Bobbins without 'em,
And whilst Horsmen, *do cloath 'em, these* Foot-scrubs *do clout 'em.*
For the Guard, &c.

Some with that ty'd one one side, and Wit ty'd on neither,
Wear gray Coats, and gray Cattle, see their Wenches *run hither,*

For

For to peep through Red Lattice, and dark Cellar Doors;
To behold 'em wear Pikes rusty, just like their Whores,
As slender as their Meales, and as long as their Scores.
To the Guard, &c.

Some with Tweedle, Weedle, Weede (whilst we beat dub a dub)
Keep the base Scotish noise, and as base Scotish scrub;
Then with Body contracted, a Rag, open spread,
Comes a thing, with Red Colors and Nose full as Red,
Like an Ensign, to the King, and to the Kings Head.
Towards the Guard, &c.

Two Commanders, come last, the Lieutenant perhaps,
Full of Low Country, Story, and Low Country Claps.
To be next him the other takes care not to fail, (sale;
(Powder Monkey by name) that vents stink by whole
For where soe'r the Fart be, but just with the Tail.
Of the Guard, &c.

And now hey for the King, *Boys, and hey for the* Court,
Which is guarded by these, as the Tow r i s h *Dirt; (ye,*
These Whitehall *must admit, and such other nnhouse*
Each Day lets in the drunk, whilst it lets out the drowsey
And no place in the World, shifts so oft to be Lowsey.
Thank the Guard, &c.

Some to Scotland-yard sneak, and the Sutlers Wife kisses,
But despairing of drink, till some Country-man pisses,
And pays too (for no place in the Court must be given)
To the Can Office then, all a Foot Soldiers *Heav'n,*
Where he finds a foul Fox, *soon, and cures Sir* Stephen.
On the Guard, &c.

Some at Shite-house publick (where a Rag always goes)
At once empty their Guts, and diminish their Cloths

Though their Mouthes are poor Pimps (Whore and Bacon being all (may call,
Their chief Food) yet their Bums we true Courtiers,
For what they eat in the Suburbs, they shite at Whitehall
For the Guard, &c.

Such a like pack of Cards, to the Park, making entry,
Here, and there, deal an Ace, which the Jews, *call a Centry, (Clock 'tis,*
Which in bad Houses of Boards, stand to tell what a
Where they keep up tame Red Coats, *as Men keep up tame* Foxes,
Or Apothecaries, lay up their Dogs-T-ds, in Boxes.
Oh the Guard, &c.

Some of these are planted, though it has been their lucks
Of't to steal Country Geese) now to watch the Ks. Ducks;
While some others are set, in the side that has Wood in,
To stand Pimps to black Masques, that are oft thither footing,
Just as Housewives, set Cuckolds, *to tend their black Pudding.*
Oh the Guard, &c.

Whilst another true Trojan, *to some passage runs,*
As to keep in the Debtor, so to keep out the Duns;
Or a Prentice, or his Mistriss, with Oaths to confound,
Till he hyes him from the Park, *as from forbidden ground,*
Cause his credit is whole, and his Wench, *may be sound.*
And quits the Guard, &c.

Now it's Night, and the Patrole in Ale-house drown'd,
For nought else, but the Pot, and their Brains walk the round;

Whilst

Whilst like Hell, *the Commanders, Guard Chamber does*
(shew,
There's such damning their selves, and all else of the
Crew; *(his due.*
For though these cheat their Men, *they give the* Devil,
On the Guard, &c.

Whilst a Main, after Main, at old Hazard they throw,
And their Quarrels grow high, as their Money grows
low;
Strait they threaten hard (using bad Faces for frowns)
To revenge on the Flesh, the default of the Bones,
But the blood's in their Hose, and in Oaths all their
Wounds.
Like the Guard, &c.

In the Morning they fight, just as much as they pray,
For some one to the King, *does the tidings convey*
For preventing of Murder; *Oh 'tis a wise way!*
Though not one of 'em knows (as a Thousand dare say)
What belongs to a dead Man, unless in his pay.
For the Guard, &c.

With their skins, they march home, no more hurt than
their Drums,
But for scratching of Faces, or biting of Thumbs;
And now hey for fat Alewives, *and* Tradesmen, *grown leane,*
For the Captain, *grown* Bankrupt, *recruits his wages,*
With sending out Tickets, and turning out Men.
From the Guard, &c.

Strait the poor Rogue's *Cashier'd, with a Cane, and*
a curse,
Fall from wounding no Men, now to cut ev'ry Purse:
And

And what then? Man's a Worm, these we Glow-worms may name.
For as they're dark of Body, have Tails all of flame,
So tho these liv'd in Oaths, yet they dye with a Psalm.

Farewel Guard, &c.

Ephelia *to* Bajazet.

HOw far are they deceiv'd who hope in vain,
A lasting *Lease* of joys from *Love* t' obtain?
All the dear sweets, we promise or expect,
After enjoyment, turns to cold neglect.
Cou'd love, a constant happiness have known,
The mighty wonder, had in me been shown.
Our Passions are so favored by *Fate*,
As if she meant 'em an Eternal Date;
So kind he look'd, such tender words he spoke,
'Twas past belief such Vows shou'd e're be broke.
Fixt on my *Eyes*, how often wou'd he say,
He cou'd with pleasure gaze an Age away!
When thoughts too great for words had made him mute,
In kisses, he wou'd tell my hand his Suit.
So great his passion was, so far above,
The common *Gallantryes*, that pass for love,
At worst I thought if he unkind shou'd prove,
His ebbing passion, wou'd be kinder far,
Than the First transports of all others are.

Nor

Nor was my love, or fondneſs leſs than his,
In him I center'd all my hopes of Bliſs!
For him my duty to my *Friends* forgot,
For him I loſt, alas! what loſt I not?
Fame, all the valuable things of life,
To meet his love, by a leſs name then *Wife*!
How happy was I then, how dearly bleſt,
When this great Man lay panting on my Breaſt,
Looking ſuch things, as ne're can be expreſt!
Thouſand freſh looks he gave me ev'ry hour,
Whilſt greedily I did his looks devour!
Till quite o'recome with Charmes, I trembling lay,
At ev'ry look he gave, melted away!
I was ſo highly happy in his love,
Methoughts I pitty'd them that dwelt above!
Think then thou greateſt, lovelyeſt, falſeſt Man,
How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and then,
My faithleſs dear, be cruel if you can;
How I have lov'd, I cannot, need not tell,
No, ev'ry Act, has ſhown, I lov'd too well.
Since firſt I ſaw you, I ne're had a thought,
Was not entirely yours, to you I brought,
My *Virgin*, Innocence, and freely made,
My love, an Offring, to your Noble *Bed*:
Since when, y'ave been the *Star*, by which I ſteer'd,
And nothing elſe but you, I lov'd, or fear'd.
Your ſmiles, I only live by, and I muſt,
When e're you frown, be ſhatter'd into Duſt.
Oh! can the coldneſs that you ſhew me now,
Suit with the gen'rous heat you once did ſhew?

I cannot live on pitty, or reſpect,
A thought ſo mean, wou'd my whole love infect;
Leſs than your love, I ſcorn Sir to expect.
Let me not live in dull indifferency,
But give me rage enough to make me dye!
For if from you, I needs muſt meet my Fate,
Before your pitty, I wou'd chooſe your hate.

A very Heroical Epiſtle in Anſwer to Ephelia.

Madam,

IF your deceiv'd, it is not by my Cheat,
For all diſguiſes, are below the Great.
What *Man*, or *Woman*, upon *Earth* can ſay,
I ever us'd 'em well above a *Day*?
How is it then, that I inconſtant am?
He changes not, who always is the ſame.
In my dear ſelf, I center ev'ry thing,
My *Servants*, *Friends*, my *Mrs.* and my *King*,
Nay Heav'n, and *Earth*, to that one poynt I bring.
We'll manner'd, honeſt, generous, and ſtout,
Names by dull *Fools*, to plague Mankind found out;
Shou'd I regard I muſt my ſelf conſtrain,
And 'tis my *Maxim*, to avoid all pain.
You fondly look, for what none e're cou'd find,
Deceive your ſelf, and then call me unkind,

And by falſe Reaſons, wou'd my falſhood prove,
For 'tis as natural to change, as love:
You may as juſtly at the *Sun*, repine,
Becauſe alike it does not always ſhine:
No glorious thing, was ever made to ſtay,
My blazing *Star*, but viſits and away.
As fatal too it ſhines, as thoſe 'ith' *Skyes*,
'Tis never ſeen, but ſome great *Lady* dyes.
The boaſted favor, you ſo precious hold,
To me's no more than changing of my Gold;
What e're you gave, I paid you back in Bliſs,
Then where's the Obligation pray of this?
If heretofore you found grace in my *Eyes*,
Be thankful for it, and let that ſuffice.
But *Women*, *Beggar-like*, ſtill haunt the Door,
Where they've receiv'd a *Charity* before.
Oh happy *Sultan*! whom we barb'rous call,
How much refin'd art thou above us all:
Who envys not the joys of thy *Serail*?
Thee like ſome *God*! the trembling Crowd adore,
Each *Man*'s thy *Slave*, and *Woman kind*, thy *Whore*.
Methinks I ſee thee underneath the Shade,
Of Golden Canopy, ſupinely laid,
Thy crowding *Slaves*, all ſilent as the Night,
But at thy nod, all active, as the light!
Secure in ſolid Sloth, thou there doſt reign,
And feel'ſt the joys of Love, without the pain.
Each *Female*, courts thee with a wiſhing Eye,
While thou with awfull pride, walk'ſt careleſs by;
Till thy kind Pledge, at laſt, marks out the *Dame*,
Thou fancy'ſt moſt, to quench thy preſent flame.

Then

Then from thy Bed, ſubmiſſive ſhe retires,
And thankful for the grace, no more requires.
No loud reproach, nor fond unwelcome ſound,
Of *Womens* Tongues, thy ſacred Ear does wound;
If any do, a nimble *Mute*, ſtrait tyes
The *True-loves-knot*, and ſtops her fooliſh cryes.
Thou fear'ſt no injur'd *Kinſmans* threatning Blade,
Nor Mid-night Ambuſhes, by *Rivals* laid;
While here with aking Hearts, our joys we taſt,
Diſturb'd by Swords, like *Democles* his Feaſt.

On

On Poet Ninny.

GRusht by that just contempt his *Follys* bring,
On his craz'd *Head*, the *Vermin* fain wou'd sting.
But never *Satyr*, did so softly bite,
Or gentle *George* himself, more gently write.
Born to no other, but thy own disgrace,
Thou art a thing so wretched, and so base,
Thou canst not ev'n offend, but with thy Face.
And dost at once a sad example prove,
Of harmless malice, and of hopeless love.
All pride! and ugliness! oh how we loath,
A nauseous *Creature*, so compos'd of both!
How oft have we thy *Capring Person* seen,
With dismal look, and Melancholly *Meene*,
The just reverse of *Nokes*, when he wou'd be,
Some mighty *Heroe*, and makes love like thee!
Thou art below being laught at, out of spight,
Men gaze upon thee, as a hideous sight,
And cry, there goes the Melancholly *Knight*.
There are some Modest *Fools*, we dayly see,
Modest, and dull, why they are *Wits*, to thee!
For of all *Folly*, sure the very top,
Is a conceited *Ninny* and a *Fop*.
With Face of *Farce*, joyn'd to a Head *Romancy*,
There's no such *Coxcomb* as your *Fool* of fancy:
But 'tis too much on so despis'd a *Theame*,
No *Man* wou'd dabble, in a dirty Stream;

The

The worſt that I cou'd write, wou'd be no more,
Than what thy very *Friends*, have ſaid before.

My Lord All-Pride.

BUrſting with *Pride*, the loath'd *Impoſtume* ſwells,
Pr-k him, he ſheds his *Venom* ſtrait, & ſmells;
But 'tis ſo lewd a *Scribler*, that he writes,
With as much force to *Nature*, as he fights,
Hardned in ſhame, 'tis ſuch a baffled *Fop*,
That ev'ry *School-boy*, whips him like a Top:
And with his *Arme*, and *Head*, his *Brain*'s ſo weak,
That his ſtarved fancy, is compell'd to take,
Among the *Excrements* of others wit,
To make a ſtinking *Meal* of what they ſhit.
So *Swine*, for naſty *Meat*, to *Dunghil* run,
And toſs their gruntling *Snowts* up when they've done:
Againſt his *Stars*, the *Coxcomb* ever ſtrives,
And to be ſomething they forbid, contrives.
With a *Red Noſe*, *Splay Foot*, and *Goggle Eye*,
A *Plough Mans*, looby *Meene*, *Face* all a wry,
With ſtinking Breath, and ev'ry loathſome mark,
The *Punchianello*, ſets up for a *Spark*.
With equal ſelf conceit too, he bears Arms,
But with that vile ſucceſs, his part performs,

That

That he *Burleſques* his Trade, and what is beſt
In others, turns like *Harlequin*, in jeaſt.
So have I ſeen at *Smithfields* wondrous *Fair*,
When all his *Brother Monſters*, floriſh there;
A *Lubbard Elephant*, divert the *Town*,
With making *Legs*, and ſhooting off a *Gun*.
Go where he will, he never finds a *Friend*,
Shame, and deriſion, all his ſteps attend;
Alike abroad, at home, 'ith' *Camp*, and *Court*,
This *Knight*, o'th' *Burning Peſtle*, make us ſport.

Captain Ramble.

WHilſt *Duns* were knocking at my Door,
I lay in Bed with wreeking *Whore*,
With Back ſo weak, and *Pr--k* ſo ſore
you'd wonder.
I rais'd my *Doe*, and laid her *Gown*,
I pinn'd her *Whisk*, and dropt a *Crown*,
She piſt, and then I drove her down
Like Thunder.
From Chamber then I went to Dinner,
And drank ſmall Beer, like mournful Sinner,
But ſtill I thought the *Devil* in her
Clytoris.
I ſat at *Muſcots*, in the dark,
And heard a *Tradeſman*, and a *Spark*,
A *Scriv'ner* and a *Lawyers Clerk*,
Tell Stories.
From thence I went with muffled Face,
To the *Dukes Houſe*, and took a place,
In which I ſpew'd, may't pleaſe his *Grace*
Or *Highneſs*.
Had I been hang'd, I cou'd not chooſe,
But laugh at *Whores*, who dropt from *Stews*,
Seeing that *Mrs Marg'ret Hews*,
So fine is.
When *Play* was done, I call'd a *Link*,
Hearing ſome paultry pieces chink
Within my *Breeches*, how d' ye think
I employ'd 'em?

Why

Why Sir, I went to *Mrs. Speerings*,
Where ſome were Curſing, others *Swearing*,
Never a *Barrel* better *Herring*,
Per fidem.
Seav'ns the *Main*, 'tis Eight God damn me,
'Tis Six, (ſaid I) as God ſhall ſave me;
And being true, they cou'd not blame me
So ſaying.
Save me (quoth one) what *Shamaroone*,
Is this has beg'd an Afternoon,
Of's *Mother*, to go up, and down,
A playing?
Now this to me, was worſe than killing,
Miſtake me not, for I am willing;
And able both, to drop a *Shilling*,
Or Two Sir.
Well ſaid my *Lad*, (Quoth *Bully Hack*)
With *Whiſkers* ſtern, and *Cordebeck*,
Pinn'd up behind his ſcabby Neck
To ſhew Sir.
With *Mangy Fiſt*, he graſpt the *Box*,
Giving the *Table* bloody knocks,
Calling upon the *Plague*, and *Pox*.
To aſſiſt him.
Ten Shillings from me, he did ſnatch,
He 'ad like to have made a quick diſpatch,
Nor wou'd Times *Regiſter*, my *Watch*,
Have miſt him.
As luck won'd have it in came *Will*,
Perceiving things went very ill,
Quoth he, thou'dſt better go and ſwill,
Canary.

We steer'd our Course to *Dragon Green*,
Which is in *Fleet-street* to be seen,
Where we drank *Wine*, not foul but clean
Contrary.
Our *Host* Eclipsed *Thomas Hammon*,
Presented slice of *Bacon Gamon*,
Which made us swallow *Sack*, as *Salmon*
Does Water.
Being over warm with the last debanch,
I grew as drunk as any *Roach*,
When hot Bak'd *Wardens* did approach,
Or later.
But see the damn'd confounded fate,
Attends on drinking *Wine* so late,
I drew my Sword on honest *Kate*
I'th' Kitchin.
Which *Hammonds Wife* cou'd not endure,
I told her though she look'd demure,
That she came lately I was sure,
From *Bitching*
We broke our Glasses out of hand,
As many *Oaths*, we did command,
As *Hastings*, *Savin*, *Southerland*,
Or *Ogle*.
Then I cry'd up *Sir Harry Fain*,
And swore by God I wou'd maintain,
Episcopacy, was too plain,
A juggle.
And having now discharg'd the *House*,
We did reserve a gentle *Souse*.
With which we drank another *Rouse*,
At the *Bar*.

And

And now good *Christians*, all attend,
To drunkenness, pray put an end,
I do advise you as a *Friend*,
And *Neighbor*.
For lo the *Mortal*, here behold,
Who cautious was in days of old,
Is now become rash, sturdy, bold,
And free Sir.
For having scap't the *Tavern* so,
There never was a greater *Foe*,
Encounter'd yet by *Pompey*, no
Nor *Cæsar*.
A *Constable*, both stern, and dread,
Who is from *Mustard*, *Brooms*, and *Thread*,
Preferr'd to be the *Brainless-head*,
O'th' *People*.
A Gown, h'ad on with Age made gray,
A *Hat* too, which as *Folks* do say,
Is Sir-nam'd to this very Day,
A *Steeple*.
His *Staff*, which knew aswel as he,
The business of *Authority*,
Stood bolt upright at sight of me;
Most true 'tis.
The *Lowsey Currs*, that hither come.
To keep the *Kings* peace, safe at home,
Yet cannot keep the *Vermin* from
Their *Cutis*.
Stand, stand, says one, and come before,
You lye, said I, like a *Son*, of a *Whore*,
I can't, nor will not stand, that's more
Do' mutter?

You

You watchful *Knaver*, I'll tell you what,
Your *Officer*, i' th' *May-Pole-Hat*,
I'll make as drunk as any *Rat*.
Or *Otter*.
The *Constable* began to swell,
Although he lik'd the motion well,
Quoth he my *Friends*, this I must tell
You clearly.
The *Pestilence* you can't forget,
Nor th' dispute with the *Dutch*, nor yet
The dreadful *Fire*, that made us get
Up early.
From which (quoth he) I this infer,
To have a Bodies Conscience clear
Excelleth any costly Cheer,
Or Banquet.
Besides (and faith I think he wept)
Were it not better you had kept,
Within your Chamber, and have slept,
In *Blanket*.
But I'll advise you by, and by,
--A pox of all advice said I,
Your *Janizaries* look as dry,
As *Vulcan*.
We came not here to talk of Sin,
--Come--here's a Shilling fetch it in.
Our business now is to begin,
A full *Can*.
At last, I made the *Watch-men* drunk,
Examin'd here, and there, a *Punck*,
And then away to *Bed* I slunk,
To hide it.

Now

Now these my wishes are to you,
Who will those dangers not Eschue,
That ye may all go home, and spew,
As I did.

On Rome's *Pardons.*

IF *Rome* can pardon Sins, as *Romans* hold,
And if those *Pardons*, can be bought and sold,
It were no Sin, t' adore, and worship *Gold.*

If they can purchase *Pardons* with a Sum,
For Sins they may commit in time to come,
And for Sins past, 'tis very well for *Rome.*

At this rate they are happy'st that have most;
They'll purchase *Heav'n*, at their own proper cost,
Alas! the Poor! all that are so are lost.

Whence came this knack, or when did it begin?
What *Author* have they, or who brought it in?
Did *Christ*, ere keep a *Custom-house* for Sin?

Some subtle *Devil*, without more ado,
Did certainly this sly invention brew,
To gull 'em of their *Souls*, and *Money* too.

F I N I S.